Synfuel the Answer? *Morton Kondracke*

Are Oil Companies to Blame? *Stephen Chapman*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

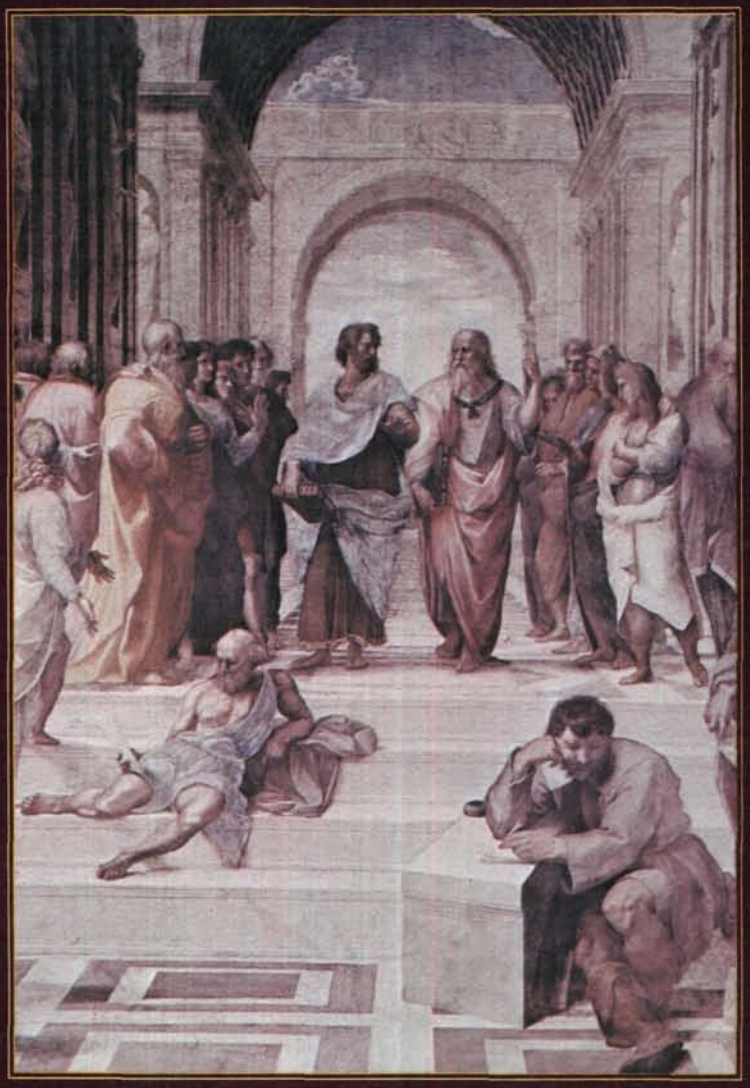
V. 181
nos 3+4
LIBRARY
. WALLACE
LLEGE

July 21 & 28, 1979

Price One Dollar

A Popery Potpourri
Garry Wills

Rahv the Father
Alan Lelchuk



The World of High Chat

RITTER LIB PERIODICALS
BALDWIN WALLACE COLL
BEREA, OH 44017

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREEDOM BEGINS AT HOME

Gannett is a nationwide communications company with a world of different voices: 80 daily newspapers, 7 television and 12 radio stations in 33 states and two U.S. territories.

Yet the Gannett name is not widely known because of a deliberate policy. A policy based on a single word: freedom.

There is no single Gannett editorial voice. Every Gannett newspaper, every television and radio station is free to express its own opinions, free to serve the best interests of its own community in its own way.

The voice of the whole community.

At Gannett, responsible and responsive coverage of the whole community is not just our job. It's our responsibility.

Serving the best interests of a community means being its mirror. It means reflecting the varied tastes and interests and news needs of the old as well as the young. The rich as well as the poor. The powerful and the powerless.

And that means total community coverage. In the news. In features. In sports. And in the editorials—which must be the conscience of the whole community—constantly pressing for solutions to problems.

Newspapers and radio and television stations are forums for democracy. Places where people go to express and find diverse opinions. Without fear or favor or any question of fairness to all sides.

Places for the government to get consumer feedback, the public pulse, vital food for thought on important issues. The right places, too, for nourishing the economic well-being of the community and keeping its marketplace in good health through advertising services.

We care because we live there.

Every Gannett newspaper, every radio and television station strives in its own way each day to touch the lives of its readers, viewers and listeners. Each as distinct as the community it serves.

This is community journalism. And at its heart is local news. The news that touches the lives of everyone it serves.

It means being an investigator and exposing wrongdoing. It's being a guardian and watching over the community's well-being. It means being a recorder and noting the passage of daily life with its joys and sorrows, its trials and triumphs.

Our commitment to freedom.

At Gannett we have a commitment to freedom. Freedom for the men and women of Gannett to become more professional every day. Freedom to share in the blessings of our free society and its free enterprise system. Freedom to fulfill our First Amendment obligations.

We take our First Amendment responsibility seriously at Gannett. Not just because it protects the journalists' right to print or broadcast the news. But because it is the cornerstone of our democracy, the people's guarantee of freedom.

With our recently concluded merger with Combined Communications Corporation, we're moving toward a new and expanded world of total information services. Which includes, in addition to newspapers and broadcast, outdoor advertising and a public opinion research company. But as we grow bigger, the same principles of editorial freedom, excellence and community service will still apply.

And so from Guam to the Virgin Islands, from Reno to Rochester, from Pensacola to Phoenix, from Atlanta to Hawaii, every Gannett newspaper, every television and radio station is free to set its own course, to meet its local news obligations, to express its own opinions. Free to serve the best interests of its own community in its own way.

Gannett

A world of different voices where freedom speaks.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

from Washington
July 21 & 28, 1979

The Battle Is Joined

It is 9:15 a.m. but the line of tourists already snakes around the corridor. Red crowd-control cords direct them to an electronic scanner like the ones in airports. Shirt-sleeved cops stand about and there is a great ruffling of credentials. What's going on? Democracy at work, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee is holding hearings on the SALT II treaty. The Armed Services Committee will hold parallel hearings shortly. The Senate Intelligence Committee will hold hush-hush hearings on how the pact will be verified, if and when the Senate itself adopts the treaty. That will depend on approval of two-thirds of those present and voting; 34 senators have veto power. Formal debate should begin maybe next September, if the nation's conjoined crises permit. A vote?—oh, maybe in November. The Russians are fuming. They don't understand. In Moscow the Politburo presses a button and that's it.

The vast room inside is architecturally akin to Grand Central Station, or the foyer of the downtown RKO movie palace before they ripped it down. Only this is the real thing, the walls slabbed with marble, a dozen Corinthian columns, a ceiling higher than a basketball court, 40-foot maroon drapes, four bombshell chandeliers, carpets to match. It is jam-packed, blazing with lights. It is as crowded as it was when they investigated the Titanic disaster, the Teapot Dome scandal, the Watergate scandal, the Great Crash, and when the circus midget climbed into James Pierpont Morgan's lap. (He thought it was a child. They used flashpowder, then.) This is the Senate Caucus room where little men, in larger-than-life surroundings, investigate larger-than-life events.

At 10:04 Chairman Frank Church, who comes from Idaho (Borah's old state), raps smartly three times and we're off. There are about 100 press seats, 100 for tourists, and maybe 50 for senators, witnesses, and staff. World interest centers here for the moment, though practically nobody abroad can understand the subtleties of senatorial ratification. My seat is between the *London Daily Telegraph* and the *Yomiuri Shimbun* (Tokyo), circulation 8,000,000. Everybody is represented.

That's because everyone thinks this may be a final test—whether there's enough trust left between the two superpowers to prevent Doomsday. Secretary Vance is quiet, restrained; he does not have a commanding voice and sometimes he's dull, but he doesn't alienate people like Dean Acheson, and he's not afraid to talk back. "No, you're wrong!" he tells Senator Muskie tersely over a technical point. Senator Helms says savagely that the whole treaty is a phony—"This is an arms escalation treaty!" he charges. "No, it's not," says Vance, and continues explaining.

In brief, Russia and the US now have 14,000 strategic nuclear warheads and bombs in their arsenals and the smallest one of them can destroy a city: "Several times as powerful as the bomb that destroyed Hiroshima," says Vance quietly. Will they be used? Nobody cites one hopeful precedent: all belligerents had poison gas in World War II, but nobody used it.

This is the hearing that was supposed to fill the front pages with passionate argument but instead, so far, people are talking about gas lines and inflation. Can the Carter administration save itself from collapse? It has been under semi-siege at Camp David. It will be harder than ever for the public to concentrate on SALT II when Jimmy comes down from the mountain and tells what he plans to do next.

The administration's low-key approach might help SALT's ratification. Unlike Nixon and Kissinger when th presented SALT I, there have been extravagant claims; Vance and Defe Secretary Harold Brown say that it' pretty good treaty, all things consider that it limits and even curtails so weapons; that it establishes equilibrium of "rough equivalence"; tl America is adequately protected; a that its approval is vital for the futu Where they speak most emphatically in describing the consternation amc European allies if SALT fails. "Failure agree on SALT II could cast a chilli shadow over the whole range of Ea West relations," Vance declared in wl for him is a high-flown metaphor.

Back from Europe, Senate Major Leader Byrd tells the same story. talked to the president of France and French and Italian defense ministe who told him that if the US rejects treaty it will mean an all-out nucl arms race, "and we could also expect possible isolation of the United Sta from its European allies."

Byrd was the unofficial emissary tell grim-faced Brezhnev and Gromy in Russia that the Senate is alm certain to play its role in formulating treaty by adding its own reservatic and clarifications. It was Byrd's unco fortable task to inform these soml Slavs of the facts of life about the Senate. He brought back word that m save the treaty. President Carter and Russians have warned against amer ments. But Byrd reported that Soviets might accept Senate additic that are advisory and not matters substance "if we're talking abc amendments to the Resolution Ratification that clarify the meani that help to affirm the understanding the Senate. . . ."

I have before me the 15 Loc reservations which the cra Republican senator from Massachuse grafted on to the Versailles treaty, a which defeated it. The first insisted America's right to withdraw at will fr the League of Nations "by a concurre resolution of Congress." One support the Monroe Doctrine. Reservati number 14 insisted that the US sho have as many votes in the League as t British, if the Dominions voted. T final one expressed sympathy for Ir "aspirations" for self-government. March 18, 1920, the Senate voted, 49 35, for the treaty with reservatio This was less than two-thirds, America entered 20 years of isolation ended with World War II, which Wils had predicted.

Copyright 1979 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6593). Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

ebron's history

the editors:

nos Elon's colorful description of the lad Settlers on the West Bank" in your ril 21 issue omits to tell of the callous ab pogrom against the Jewish com-nity in Hebron in August 1929.

When those troubles (a British eu-emism for terror) began, Hebron had eaceful, old, generally very religious nmunity of over 600 Jews, rather ached from the burgeoning Zionist ivities going on in other parts of estine. The Haganah, later to become nucleus of the Israel Defense Forces, d no presence in the Jewish communi-there and, when the attack began, on gust 24, no one in the small ghetto t up a fight. The British police did not ervene to try to prevent the ghborly Arab slaughter of close to 70 men, women, and children. Later, at insistence of the British Mandatory thorities, the remaining 550 Jews re forced to abandon their houses, titutions, synagogues, and busi-sses and to become refugees. Nobody ntioned compensation. It was then t, for the first time since the Middle es, Hebron became "Judenrein."

Elon also omits the description of the orter history of the economically iving Kfar Etzion. This village was nded early this century. At one stage, vas given up under pressure from the itish. The village was resettled in the ly 1940s and, soon after, three ellite *kibbutzim* were established—all t far north of Hebron—besieged and, er suffering many casualties, oc-pied by the Arab Legion and Hebron lagers in the spring of 1948, just a few ys before the establishment of the te of Israel.

Amos Elon is an often brilliant critic d interpreter of modern bureaucratic phemisms, especially when they have earing on civil rights in Israel or the st Bank. When, however, he calls the st Bank settlements "illegal," I lieve he is unfortunately making a nilar misnomer of his own. He would ve had a strong case, had he insisted t they might prove to be an obstacle peace. He could certainly add that y are an expensive, badly planned, d heavily emotional adventure. The int might validly be made that they an expression of frustration at the lure to find a mutually acceptable solution toward coexistence between Jew and Arab.

Whatever the final agreement as to the future of the areas of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip will be, the majority of Israelis critical of Amos's "mad settlers" will expect to maintain the right of Israelis to settle there in an amicable way, in accordance with the area's laws.

Dan Bawly
Tel-Aviv, Israel

Dirty Lenin

To the editors:

Had Leon Edel understood the debates between Edmund Wilson and Vladimir Nabokov on the nature of the October Revolution, he would not have written in his review of *The Nabokov-Wilson Letters* (*TNR*, May 26) that their disagreement about it hinged on accepting or not accepting it as historical fact. Actually, their disagreement had to do with passing moral judgment on the makers of that revolution, a judgment meant to be arrived at in full cognizance of *all* the historical data. If Edel thinks that Nabokov's perfectly factual description of Russian prerevolutionary realities quoted in the review is "at odds with history books and eyewitnesses," then he must have been exposed to a very small and slanted selection of either. And had he read my introductory essay with a less closed mind, he would not have equated my description of the prerevolutionary democratic movement that was "gradually bringing about a very real and tangible liberalization of the social and political life of the country *despite the obstinate and at times violent efforts of the last two tsars to curb or reverse it*" (p. 6; italics added) with my supposed "shedding tears for the czar." My introduction and notes make clear that my sympathies are with the anti-monarchist prerevolutionary democratic dissidents, but Leon Edel somehow contrived to misconstrue this as sympathy for the czarist system.

The entire review is permeated with the kind of blinkered, cliché-ridden thinking about Russian history that was typical in the American intellectual community during the 1930s. This thinking accounts for Edel's out-of-focus perception of the nature of Nabokov's literary achievement, of his biological studies, of his personality, and of the circumstances of his friendship with Edmund Wilson. It has been my experience that many people whose view of everything Russian had congealed during the 1930s tend to resent any factual correction of their misconceptions, seeing in this, to borrow a *mot* of the poet Alfred Corn, an attempt "to wash their dirty Lenin in public."

Simon Karlinsky
University of California
Berkeley, California

Cutting corners on the DC-10

To the editors:

The Eddy, Potter, Page piece on the DC-10 ("Is the DC-10 a Lemon?" *TNR*, June 9) is first-rate, but I suggest that in terms of aviation history, its perspective is just a bit misleading.

The authors imply, by referring to Lockheed's "overdependence" on military contracts, that military and civilian production are completely separate. Where transports are concerned, however, the most successful have been by-products of military R&D and production. Boeing's dominance in the early jet age followed from transferable military experience (B47, B52), and military transports were significant for Lockheed (C-141, C-5). McDonnell Douglas had no recent comparable experience, important where floors and cargo doors are concerned. In earlier days, even the DC-3's success was based in part upon military R&D, especially engines, in the 1920s. Military experience relates directly to civilian safety.

The conclusion that "nobody wanted" both the DC-10 and 1011 to be built raises a broader question the authors avoid. The implication is that we are better served by aircraft standardization than by a jumble of competing models. Indeed, our great early success was the story of the DC-3, and our early jet success was that of the 707. Operation, maintenance, air traffic control, and regulatory supervision are all enhanced by standardization and degraded by competition. Indeed, the current controversy focuses on whether the manufacturer (by hasty design) or certain airlines (by changing inspection procedures) were principally responsible for the tragedy. Others are attacking the FAA for regulatory laxity. The underlying problem seems to be the pressure to "cut corners" in a "savage . . . conflict," as the authors put it, combined with the higher costs of regulating many types of aircraft instead of one.

(continued on page 40)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICAN INCOME LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of INDIANA

Serving America's Union Families

Contents

TRB from Washington	4	The Battle Is Joined
	5	Correspondence
Comment	7	A Quick Fix
		Deviant Customs
		Socialists and Cutthroats
		The Human Comedy
Ken Bode	11	The Invisible Primary
Stephen Chapman	12	A Revised Demonology
Morton Kondracke	14	Synfuel Madness
Nathan Lewin	16	Voluntary Quotas
Stephen Kinzer	18	Somoza's Finale
Edward Engberg	20	Hutchinsland
		Books and the Arts
Stanley Kauffmann	26	Films: Escapism
Alan Lelchuk	27	Reconsideration: Philip Rahv, The Last Years
Jane Shore	30	Poem: "Persian Miniature"
Seymour Melman	33	*The New Tyranny* by Robert Jungk
William A. Williams	35	*The Politics of War* by Walter Karp
Garry Wills	36	*The Vicar of Christ* by Walter F. Murphy
		The Year of the Three Popes by Peter Hebblethwaite
		The Making of the Popes 1978 by Andrew M. Greeley
Paul Robinson	37	*Freud and the Problem of God* by Hans Küng
Brief Reviews	38	*When Memory Comes* by Saul Friedländer
		Gödel, Escher, Bach by Douglas Hofstadter
Washington Diarist	42	Two Cultures

Comparative Financial Review

	Years ended December 31, 1978	1977
Total Income	$ 65,137,912	$ 52,823,191
Benefits and expenses	54,870,616	46,046,539
Income before income taxes and realized investment gains (losses)	10,267,296	6,776,652
Provision for income taxes		
Current	---	---
Deferred	2,792,809	1,909,150
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	7,474,487	4,867,502
Realized investment gains (losses)	(120,433)	11,364
Net income	7,354,054	4,878,866
Earnings per share		
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	4.35	2.88
Realized investment gains (losses)	(.07)	.01
Net income	4.28	2.89
Assets	$ 144,993,410	$ 116,651,027
Insurance in Force	$1,504,894,000	$1,289,000,000

AMERICAN INCOME LIFE INS. CO.

a union label company serving American union families. It is publicly owned with 4800 stock holders and with assets of approximately 144 million dollars. If you would like an annual report, write to:
Bernard Rapoport, Chairman of the Board
P.O.B. 208, Waco, Texas 76703

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 181, Nos. 3 & 4, Issue 3367 & 3368, July 21 & 28, 1979. Published weekly (except the issues of July 14, July 28, August 11, September 8) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone (202) 331-7494. Single copy, $1.00; Yearly subscriptions, $24; foreign, $27; students, $17.

Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Service Department, The New Republic, P.O. Box 705, Whitinsville, MA 01588. **Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome, but cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.**

Summer Schedule

This is a combined issue. *TNR* will not publish next week (July 28).

Cover: detail from "The School of Athens," Fresco (1509-10), by Raphael. Courtesy of The Granger Collection. Article on page 20.

Staff

Editor—*Martin Peretz*
Publisher—*Robert J. Myers*
Managing Editor—*Michael Kinsley*
Literary Editor—*Jack Beatty*
Executive Editor—*Morton M. Kondracke*
Senior Editor—*John Osborne*
Politics Editor—*Ken Bode*
Staff Writer—*Stephen Chapman*
Assistant to the Editors—*Gwen Somers*
Films and Theater—*Stanley Kauffmann*
Poetry Editor—*Robert Pinsky*
Production Manager—*Dorothy Wickenden*
Literary Assistant—*Ann Hulbert*
Production Assistant—*Lisa Derman*
Contributing Editors—*Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Henry Fairlie, Paul Fussell, Joseph Featherstone, Gerald W. Johnson, Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Joyce Carol Oates, Paul Robinson, Tad Szulc, Michael Walzer, Leon Wieseltier*
Staff Photographer—*Jeff Vinson*

General Manager and Associate Publisher—*Robert A. Cohen*
Assistant Publisher—*Bart Rubenstein*
Circulation Manager—*Elizabeth Scanlan O'Brien*
Business Manager—*Rhonda Davis Schoem*
Rights and Permissions—*Dara Buckner*
Assistant Business Manager—*J. Kristine Klasman*
Director of Advertising—*Bonnie Perkel, 250 West 57th St, Room 2517, New York, NY 10019 (212) 581-6477*
Advertising Coordinator—*Carol L. Weinman*
Leadership Network Advertising—*Robert F. Sennott Jr., New York (212) 682-4500*
Receptionist—*Ruby McGowan*
Staff Associate—*Robert Howard*
Intern—*Barbara Demick*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

July 21 & 28, 1979

A Quick Fix

s we write, President Carter has finished staging bleaux from *Who's Who* and has sealed himself in on s mountaintop to emerge, early next week, with the lution to all our woes. After all this Rafshoonery, it d better be good. We hope it will include a proposal r long-term gasoline rationing, and rationing by the ost sensible—and fairest—system: price.

The immediate problem, already disappearing, has en that there just isn't enough gasoline around, even a price reflecting the current level of OPEC tortion. But rationing is needed even if OPEC tions *are* willing to supply as much as we want at their ice. Satisfying our gluttony at $20 a barrel is doing us favor, and buying as much as we want would be ing them too much of a favor. Gasoline rationing ould reduce overnight our demand for imported oil, idercutting the cartel's efforts to keep supplies tight. would demonstrate to OPEC, to our skeptical fellow nsuming nations, and (not unimportant) to ourselves at we can act forcefully to protect our own self-terest. Synthetic fuels and other alternative energy naceas are dubious, and at best are a decade away. ther serious conservation measures will take several ars before they have much impact. Gas rationing is a uick fix—which is exactly what we need for both ychological and practical reasons.

To ration gasoline, you first set a target for how any gallons you want the nation to consume. After at, there are two possible systems. One is to print upons, one for each gallon; then allocate and stribute them to consumers; and then make people y money plus one coupon for each gallon they buy. ne second system is to reduce demand to your target vel by slapping on a heavy tax that raises the price; en giving back the money that this brings in. Say you want to reduce gasoline consumption by 10 percent. It's estimated that this would require about a doubling of gas prices, from about one dollar a gallon to two dollars a gallon. So a tax of one dollar on top of the current price of about a dollar would reduce demand about 10 percent.

The thought of two-dollar-a-gallon gasoline is alarming, especially to those concerned about the poor, making coupons seem less painful and more equitable. But in fact they are not. The two systems are precisely the same in theory; and in practice rationing by price is clearly preferable.

To demonstrate this, let us imagine there is a coupon system, and people are allowed to sell their coupons if they'd rather have the cash than the gas. (All the present rationing proposals permit the buying and selling of ration coupons. And it would be impossible to stop anyway.) How much would a coupon be worth? If the supply were reduced by 10 percent, people would be willing to pay two dollars a gallon. A coupon—representing the right to buy a gallon of gas at today's price of about a dollar—would sell for about a dollar on a perfectly functioning "white market." Under coupon rationing, therefore, the government would be giving people coupons worth a dollar, then making them pay one dollar plus one coupon for a gallon of gas. Under price rationing, the government would be making people pay two real dollars for each gallon, but would then give them back real dollars instead of coupons. On paper, the result is exactly the same.

But the second system, rationing by price, has great practical advantages. First, it saves the enormous cost of printing, distributing, and then collecting ration coupons. In effect, a whole second money system would have to be set up for coupons. President Carter's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rejected emergency rationing program involved sending people certificates which could be redeemed for coupons at banks. (This was to avoid having coupons stolen in the mail.) Coupons would have to be counted, stored, and passed on at each stage in the gasoline distribution system until they came back to the government. Theft, counterfeiting, and other fraud would be rampant. The administrative system for collecting a gasoline tax, by contrast, is already in place and relatively simple. The rebates could be handled through the tax system or social security.

Second, the "white market" for coupons would be inefficient and unjust. If the "correct" price for coupons was a dollar, middlemen would be buying them from poor people for 50 cents and selling them to the rich with gas guzzlers for $1.50. Price rationing is the only way to assure that people get the full benefit from every gallon they avoid consuming.

The tricky question with any kind of rationing is how to apportion the coupons or rebates. Should it be based on miles driven or size of car, or should licensed drivers who don't own cars also be included, or should all adults get the same amount whether they drive or not? Price rationing does not solve the problem, but it does lend itself most easily to the solution we think is the fairest: equal "coupons" for all. Poor people who cannot afford to drive and those who have chosen to do without a car or to drive sparingly should not be punished for their thrift. The revenues from a gas tax should be turned into a flat per-person income tax credit, with rebates for those too poor to pay taxes. The average gasoline consumer who cuts his or her consumption by 10 percent will exactly break even. Others will be punished or rewarded accordingly. This sytem will be somewhat unfair to those stuck with large cars or long commutes, but any conceivable system will be unfair to someone, and we suspect that in general these people can handle the extra expense most easily.

Deviant Customs

At two o'clock in the morning on June 26, Karl Kinder, age 32, of Frankfurt, West Germany, arrived at the St. Paul-Minneapolis International Airport on a stop-over en route from Germany to Los Angeles. Searching Kinder's luggage, a customs inspector found a copy of *Der Stiefel*, a German gay magazine, and asked, "Are you a homosexual?"

"No, I am a bisexual," Kinder says he replied.

Immigration officials then informed Kinder that he could not be admitted to the United States, because a section of the 1952 Immigration and Naturalization Act excludes from entry all "aliens afflicted with psychopathic personality, or sexual deviation, or a mental defect." Kinder was offered two options. He could submit to an examination administered by the Pub Health Services and a hearing with an immigrati judge; or he could return to Germany on the next flig Kinder chose the latter. He spent the night at t Mariott Inn, escorted by Metropolitan Airport Poli and left the country the next afternoon.

If not for a leak to the *Minneapolis Star*, the ent incident would have gone unnoticed. The Immigrati and Naturalization Service does not keep a record aliens it excludes who do not request hearings, so the are no statistics available on how many homosexu have been turned away. But the National Gay Ta Force estimates that a hundred episodes like Kinde occur each year. A hearing could involve being held quarantine or on parole for as long as a month, and– the ruling is against you—a wait of a year before y can reapply for a visa. So most homosexuals barred one airport opt to try again at another without maki a fuss.

Since 1975 homosexuality has been removed fr the list of mental disorders by the American Psychiat Association and American Public Health Associatic But the admissions policy rests on a 1967 decision the Supreme Court involving a Canadian homosexu denied admission to the US. Justice Tom C. Cla wrote, "The term 'psychopathic personality' as used Congress [in writing the 1952 act] was a term of a intended to exclude homosexuals from the country

A British homosexual has decided to challenge t ruling. Earlier last month, Carl Hill, wearing a "g pride" button, was stopped at the San Francisco airp on his way to attend the San Francisco Gay Freed Day Parade. When asked, he admitted he was gay, a was given the same options as Kinder. Hill elected remain in the country on parole, brought his plight the attention of Gay Rights Advocates, a San Francis law firm, which has filed suit on his behalf. The s does not argue, as it might, that keeping gays out of S Francisco is like keeping coals out of Newcast Instead, it is an attempt to circumvent the 19 Supreme Court decision by challenging the Pub Health Service's ability to ascertain whether an alier a homosexual, and thus "medically excludable."

The defendents in this suit, the Surgeon General a the Public Health Service, actually want nothing to with ousting gay tourists. In November 1977, t medical staff at the Center for Disease Control Atlanta sent a memorandum to the Immigrati Service saying, "In view of the actions of the APA a APHA, the Public Health Service should relinqui responsibility for the administration of that portion the U.S. Code authorizing the exclusion of perso with a sexual deviation in so far as this relates homosexuals without other mental abnormalities. . . The Public Health Service people say they are r capable of diagnosing homosexuality. The so-call "medical examination" they reluctantly adminis consists of checking the alien's record in his or h

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ative country for homosexual-related crimes, and king the alien whether he or she is or is not a omosexual.

The rules about admitting foreign homosexuals are ddled with further absurdities. The immigration gulations do not distinguish between a tourist on a ve-day vacation and someone wishing to establish rmanent residence in the US. But, based on a 1975 deral court decision in Oregon and a 1971 New York ate decision, the naturalization provisions do not eclude homosexuals from becoming citizens once ey have managed to get through immigration. ndoubtedly, thousands of homosexuals enter the untry each year with no awareness that they are ampling on the United States Code. (Karl Kinder had ade about 20 visits to the US before the Minneapolis cident.) And since those stopped rarely exercise their ght to a hearing and examination, the Public Health rvice usually is not involved at all in the weeding-out ocess. Whether or not a homosexual gets through the migration gates may depend on whether a customs ent objects to seeing men wearing earrings, and ooses to report someone to the immigration officials.

For five years the National Gay Task Force, the nerican Civil Liberties Union, the National rganization for Women, the American Psychiatric ssociation, and the Lambda Legal Defense and lucation Fund (a gay rights group) have been writing the INS to abandon this practice that has confused d humiliated—if not permanently excluded—ndreds of foreign visitors. The official INS line mains that it has no authority to change the law thout an act of Congress or a reevaluation by the preme Court. But the simplest solution, suggests avid Carliner, general counsel for the ACLU, is to opt a "discretionary policy" not to enforce the anti- y sections of the law. There are precedents. For ample, INS no longer deports aliens who are nvicted of possessing small amounts of marijuana. ne INS cannot change the law, but, as Carliner notes, has the power to conduct itself with common sense."

ocialists and Cutthroats

hy do the socialist and social democratic parties of the orld exert just about zero moral authority in ernational affairs? One reason is stunts like the sping of Yassir Arafat to the bosom of the second cialist International, as performed in Vienna last ek by Chancellor Bruno Kreisky of Austria and mer chancellor Willy Brandt of Germany.

Arafat comes to them fresh from his embrace with e Ayatollah Khomeini. This, one would think, would have been sufficient cause at least to give these socialists pause. For the alliance between the Palestine Liberation Organization and Shia *jihad* in Iran is not simply a matter of gesture. Nor is it just that Arafat's cadres provide practical service to Khomeini and his Komitehs. Support from the PLO strengthens the Ayatollah's hold over the streets, and this is precisely what permits him to persecute and repress democrats and leftists, including what there is of a socialist opposition. Paradoxically, Arafat has been most useful to Khomeini by providing a cover for the suppression of the various ethnic Arab minorities in Iran, whose yearning for self-determination or autonomy, or even simply some relaxation of the iron grip of the central government, apparently counts for little to him when measured against the big stakes, the war against the Jews.

In its heart the Socialist International no doubt disapproves of all denominational and doctrinal fanaticism. In its heart the Socialist International probably is for all good things and against all bad, though realpolitik often obliges that these sentiments be stifled. The embrace of the PLO requires a particularly ruthless stifling of principled sentiments. The PLO, and Arafat's Fatah in particular, are the designated spear carriers of the Soviet Union in the Arab-Israeli dispute. But certain scruples about means and ends, the commitment to democratic principles, and opposition to the communist attempt to impose socialism from above, is precisely what distinguishes and unites the socialists and social democrats of the Second International.

Clearly Kreisky and Brandt think that Arafat has something important to offer. Some speculate it is the prospect of oil everlasting. For Kreisky, who on more than one occasion has characterized himself as a statesman, this is also a continuation of his role as point man for the Arabs against Israel. A little man from a little country, he's found a way of forcing people to look up and listen. For Brandt—brilliant, visionary, tragically flawed, and passed over by destiny—it's also another opportunity to get some attention, the kind he no longer gets at home without a snicker.

This meeting is certain to undermine the peace negotiations. Brandt and Kreisky could not have contrived to be more irresponsible. The PLO's major effort these days (aside from its unabated exercises in random killing) is to scuttle the Egyptian-Israeli settlement. Other Arabs fear the PLO's ability to disrupt and destabilize in their territories, which is why moderate and conservative Arab governments have gone along with the rejectionist strategy. In associating themselves with Arafat, Kreisky and Brandt are encouraging the entire Arab world to wage war on the Camp David agreements and to complete the isolation of Egypt.

To Arafat, these are but means to the larger goal of the destruction of Israel. Those who encourage the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PLO in anything encourage it in this. Who will say with confidence that this is not still the PLO's aim? There's lots of fancy talk about PLO realists and PLO conciliationists. But such PLO spokesmen cannot be found to speak for themselves—except to the gullible in academic seminar rooms; never to the world at large. So we now have the Socialist International's attitude to peace in the Middle East. And also by most direct inference its views on terrorism, the murder of innocents, the war of the enraged against all.

Under Brandt, the International has made common cause with the MPLA in Mozambique and Polisario in the western Sahara, not the kind of folk you'd think democratic socialists would like to support. The approach to the PLO also has a history. Many socialist parties, pursuing moderate policies at home, make revolutionary alliances abroad. It's a cheap bone to throw to their always restive left wings. In the socialist camp, then, many of those made squeamish by associations with the likes of Arafat are not likely to protest too much. But already there are some, and highly critical at that: the Canadian New Democratic party, for example, and the Irish Socialists, who know something about terrorists. The left Labour MP, Ian Mikardo, his party's frequent delegate to the International, has put British socialism on record also.

The anointing of the PLO in various international capitals contrasts with the failure of the PLO to develop a genuine popular resistance or liberation movement among the Palestinian Arabs on the West Bank and in Gaza. Meanwhile, there are freely elected—yes, freely elected—Palestinian Arab officials—Palestinian nationalists all, some Palestinian extremists, even many pro-PLO figures—all over the occupied territories. Why aren't they the ones to negotiate with Israel, rather than the claques of exiles in Beirut, each of them indentured to one or another foreign patron?

The Socialist legitimation of Arafat also will have consequences in Israel. The Israelis can no longer be surprised by Chancellor Kreisky. When the PLO pulled off one of its terrorist actions in Austria, he responded by closing a transit camp for Jewish refugees from Russia. This man knows how to placate. There's a seething rage against Kreisky in Israel because he's a Jew. But there have been Jews like him before in history: Jewish police, for example, assisted Nazis in pushing people into the gas ovens. Kreisky is not that bad. He only wishes to push the Jewish state into circumstances that would imperil its safety and the lives of its citizens. But Israelis *were* surprised by the Socialist International and Willy Brandt.

Right now in Israel there is a bitter and deep debate over the Begin government's settlement policies in the territories. Readers of *TNR* may be interested to know that our recent articles and comments on this issue have caused a stir in Israel, encouraging the country's best elements and infuriating the ruling coalition. But nothing is more certain to build support for Begin and the annexationist forces in Israel than the sense th even humane and enlightened socialists propose to tu Israel's borders over to sworn cutthroats, armed n with knives but with the advanced technologies of wa whose real targets are not just individual civilians bu state and an entire people. In their choice of comrade Kreisky and Brandt have condemned themselves ar besmirched socialism.

The Human Comedy

From the *New York Times* of June 27 (contributed by Cha Douglas, Rochester, New York):

> Among the people who have come forward to help the Vietnamese "boat people" is Diane von Furstenberg. The designer has been making inquiries about how to go about hiring two refugees—preferably both of them women—for domestic work in her New York apartment. . . . "One can't help feeling for those people. If there's anything I possibly can do, and be helpful to me at the same time, I certainly will."

Two headlines from June 20, one in the *Wall Street Journal*, other in the *Washington Post* (contributed by Eliot Marsh Washington, DC):

FTC Staff Says Ocean Spray Monopolizes Cranberry Market, Urges Antitrust Action

U.S. Considers Backing OPEC in Suit

From the "Weekend" section of the June 29 *Washington P*

Like Everest, but far more accessible, the beach there."

A document concluding a recent legal dispute:

RELEASE

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, that the undersigned, [never mind who], for himself and his heirs, executors, administrators, successors and assigns, for good and valuable consideration, the receipt and sufficiency of which is hereby acknowledged, has remised, released and forever discharged and by these presents does remise, release, and forever discharge [never mind whom], a corporation organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of Delaware and its affiliated, related or subsidiary companies, their predecessors, agents, successors and assigns, and its officers, directors, employees and their respective heirs, executors, administrators, successors and assigns ("the Releasees"), of and from all manner of actions, causes of action, suits, debts,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lues, sums of money, accounts, reckonings, onds, bills, specialties, covenants, contracts, ontroversies, agreements, promises, variances, respasses, damages, judgments, extents, ex-cutions, claims and demands whatsoever, of vhatever kind or nature, whether absolute or ontingent, known or unknown, matured or inmatured, in law, in equity, in admiralty, in rbitration or other proceeding which against the Releasees or any of them [same fellow] ever had, iow has, or hereafter can, shall, or may have for, ipon, or by reason of any matter, cause, nformation or thing whatsoever from the eginning of the world to the day of the date of hese presents.

mmer fun for politicos.

he Invisible Primary

dsummer is the dog days of presidential politics. my Carter has gone to the mattresses at Camp vid, and most of the Republican pretenders are wing the voters to vacation unmolested. George sh is off to Kennebunkport, Maine, there to sharpen answers to questions on issues. John Connally's idlers are restraining their man for fear he may have ked too soon. At the same time, they're running the liest wave of television commercials in history. led "Coffee with Connally," they're designed to take ne of the hard edges off the man's image. Ronald igan deals with the problem of being an aging ntrunner by staying fit, tanned, and out of sight. en he ventured out to speak at a Republican banquet Virginia recently, he proved the old magic was still re for the true believers. Scalpers were selling ets for five times the printed price. Howard Baker is stly staying around Washington, trying to please ublican primary voters by putting SALT II through additional mark-up session. When Baker goes out on road, he has a new theme: "Politics is an honorable lertaking, and I'm proud to be a politician." Birch h ran on exactly this theme in 1976, hanging on for primaries. Baker hereby provides more evidence t there are only so many ideas in politics, each ject to endless recycling.

Carter has the look of a one-term president, so for v, the entire field of Republican hopefuls is satisfied rain their fire in his direction. Beneath the surface, vever, there is serious skirmishing going on in more n a dozen states, where rules and primary laws for 80 still have not been written. This is the invisible nary, and the stakes are plenty high. The states olved include the three largest GOP delegations—California, New York, and Illinois—plus Texas, where an early presidential primary designed, in part, to give Connally an early shot at Ronald Reagan on home turf remains a lingering possibility.

In New York and Illinois, part of the maneuvering involves being sure delegates appear on the primary ballot with no indication of presidential preference. This is an age-old method of helping the party organization control the delegation, by no means used only by Republicans, though it's now ruled out by the Democratic reforms. Part of the deal in New York is to drive up the costs of organizing, filing slates, and campaigning, to the point where it's so expensive that no presidential candidate will go in, leaving control of the whole delegation in the hands of party leaders who admit they're inviting all GOP contenders to stay out of the New York primary.

In Illinois, Governor Jim Thompson figured it would be better to go to the convention with a delegation of regulars who might submit to a little discipline than with a band of ideological crazies who would be uncontrollable. One way to advance that goal is to keep presidential preferences off the ballot, giving an advantage to well-known party leaders, legislators, and congressmen in the delegate races.

Who loses in these maneuvers? Ronald Reagan, in each instance. His grassroots base is undermined by anything that eliminates or minimizes the effect of primaries in 1980.

Who gains? When Reagan loses, everyone else wins a little, but the principal beneficiary will be John Connally, who has no base in the GOP rank and file to match his growing following among its leaders. Also George Bush, who is still low in the polls, but whose tenure as national party chairman won him a reservoir of support among lower-level party officials.

There are also efforts under way to change two primaries that Reagan won handily in 1976. Arkansas Republicans have opted to avoid a primary altogether and instead to pick their delegates in closed party committee meetings. Reagan beat President Ford two-to-one in Arkansas last time, and would be strong there again, if there was a primary.

In California, which has the largest Republican delegation by far (168 delegates to New York's 123), there is a bill in the state senate to abolish the only winner-take-all primary in either party. Under this bill, unless one candidate got an absolute majority in the primary, the delegation would be divided up proportionately among all contenders. This effort is masterminded by right-wing state senator John Schmitz, who was the American Independent party's 1972 presidential candidate and now has backslid to being a Republican once more. Schmitz is backing John Connally for president.

Party leaders who lost out in the Ford-Reagan bash-up are trying to get a better hold on things, anticipating even more uncertainty in the scrap that's taking shape

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for 1980. All the tinkering seems to tilt things slightly against Reagan, and it's heating up GOP presidential politicking, even while the candidates are mostly idle. For example, the Illinois legislation was passed with the open involvement of Governor Thompson's agents, raising charges from the Reagan camp that Thompson was angling for second spot on a Connally ticket. The Connally-Thompson combination has appeal in terms of geographical and ideological balance. It carries the added attraction that clean Jim Thompson, the courageous US attorney who bagged dozens of corrupt Chicago election officials, would buff up John Connally's image, which remains tarnished among some voters even though he beat the bribery rap.

Reagan, meanwhile, has found that lying low is paying off. He has not announced his candidacy and is showing up only selectively at the GOP cattle shows around the country. He remains a comfortable frontrunner in GOP polls and now leads Jimmy Carter in both Gallup and Harris. In other words, Carter's failed presidency has begun to alleviate one of Reagan's greatest liabilities, namely that he is too far right ever to win a general election.

Reagan has consciously been moderating his image, and he's also been doing some fence mending within the GOP. As part of his program to prove what a good party soldier he is, Reagan now says he'd accept the vice presidency, though it violates his sled-dogging principle ("Only the lead dog gets a change of view"). It is a hollow gesture. In 1976, when there was a real possibility that Gerald Ford might ask him on the ticket, Reagan disclaimed any interest in the job, period. If you run into anybody today seriously ready to back the idea that Ronald Reagan will be in second place on the 1980 GOP ticket at age 69, invest against the proposition with the largest wager you can make.

Ken Bode

What's really wrong
with the oil companies.

A Revised Demonology

Every melodrama requires a villain, and in the current gasoline shortage many have assigned that to the big oil companies. Big oil has been the object of much suspicion and criticism ever since the 1973 Arab oil embargo, which caused fuel shortages and sent oil company profits soaring. The criticism intensified this year when several oil companies reported huge percentage gains in first-quarter earnings. But that was only a prelude to the flood of public hostility unleashed by the gasoline shortage that hit California in April and soon moved to the East Coast. Several polls suggest that most Americans believe the shortage somehow been created by the oil companies to force prices and thus extract still larger profits. Rumors ha oil companies doing everything from dumping exc gasoline in the desert to anchoring tankers offsh while waiting for the price to rise.

The scare stories so far have turned out to be nothi more than unsubstantiated rumors. The *Wall St Journal* recently dispatched a reporter to investig some of the alleged incidents; he found nothing. CB "60 Minutes" told the *Journal* that, contrary to c popular rumor, it hasn't been offered film of oil tru disposing of their cargo in a remote desert area. T Coast Guard and tanker experts both agree there's evidence of more tankers than usual anchored circling offshore. Arthur McKenzie of the Tanl Advisory Council says that many tankers probably traveling at lower speeds that before—"slo steaming," in industry parlance—but he says they doing this to save fuel. Tanker fuel prices have doub since the first of the year.

In June there were reports that some gasoline stora tanks in the Washington area were so full that gasoli trucks had to be diverted to New Jersey, raisi suggestions that suppliers were deliberately sho changing the nation's capital. What the repo overlooked is that gasoline allocations are made by t Department of Energy, not by the oil companies. matter how full Washington's storage tanks we DOE's rules wouldn't necessarily allow the fuel to go Washington-area gas stations.

A more sophisticated accusation comes from Jam Flug, head of a consumer lobby called Energy Actic Flug says the oil companies systematically reduced th crude oil stocks last year in order to tighten supplies a force up prices. The result is the current shortage. T oil companies did in fact reduce their inventories la year, but apparently their stocks previously had been record high levels. This reduction by itself would ha caused no shortage. If the shah of Iran had not be deposed early this year and his country's oil producti had not been shut down for more than two montl there would be plenty of gasoline now. No one so f has accused the oil companies of overthrowing the sh as part of their scheme.

The high 1979 first quarter earnings, compared 1978, also deserve to be taken with a grain of sa

THE HIDDEN ROSENBERG CASE

Additional single copies of the June 23 issue of *Th New Republic*, containing "The Hidden Rosenber Case," by Sol Stern and Ronald Radosh, are availabl at $1.50 per copy, and orders of more than 10 copie at $1 per copy. Please send remittance and address t *TNR*, 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ontinental Oil (Conoco) enjoyed a 343 percent crease in net income over the first quarter of 1978; tandard of Ohio reported a 302 percent gain. But the mparison with a year ago is a bit unfair. Most merican oil companies did poorly in the first six onths of 1978. Continental, for example, has large vestments in coal, and its earnings suffered from a tionwide coal strike in early 1978. Other companies, e Shell and Phillips, registered only very small gains the first quarter.

But the widespread suspicion that big oil has made a lling on the world's energy problems isn't groundless. hen OPEC effectively took control of the inter- tional petroleum market in 1973-74, the countries volved had only two aims in mind—to make emselves a lot of money, and to increase their political verage over the West. They succeeded spectacularly both counts. But their decision to quadruple the ice of oil and to keep the price up by permanently stricting production inevitably had another conse- ience: enriching the major oil companies. Big oil has ne very well at turning OPEC's policies to its own lvantage. The most obvious benefit to the industry as the initial windfall that came from having its ventories quickly quadruple in value. Oil companies d quite well in 1973 and even better the next year. axable income for all US oil companies rose from $3.2 llion in 1972 to $6 billion in 1973, and in 1974 the gure increased nearly fourfold, to $23.5 billion. ofitability, as distinct from profits, also rose sharply. 1972, the oil industry's return on equity was 10.8 rcent; in 1973, it was 15.6 percent; in 1974, 19.6 rcent. After that oil earnings settled back to a lower vel, averaging about a 14.2 percent return on equity. Two things should be kept in mind here. One is that ese earnings have not been exorbitant. Since 1973, e oil industry has averaged a 15.4 percent return on uity, compared with 14.8 percent for other manufac- ring industries—not an impressive difference. And relatively high earnings in the last seven years came ter several poor years. The other thing to remember that on balance OPEC has been good for the oil mpanies, their protestations to the contrary twithstanding.

The oil companies did not create OPEC. But since the 73-74 embargo, they have adapted intelligently to e drastically altered circumstances in the inter- tional petroleum market. They owe their success not any dark conspiracy, but to conditions that favor ge, established firms. With OPEC setting the world ice of oil and restricting production as needed to stain that price, the oil industry no longer has to cope th the often intense price competition that prevailed the years before 1973. World oil prices actually fell adily during the 1960s. Small independent com- nies were able to take advantage of the hectic, organized market (which is what healthy free markets are supposed to be like) to occupy little corners of the industry and keep the majors nervous. Between 1966 and 1973, every major US oil company except Exxon suffered a decline in earnings. OPEC put a stop to all this. For the major oil companies, the establishment of OPEC has meant that prices would be high, and production and supply lines generally stable. Many independents have gone under. In effect, the majors are junior partners in the cartel. They have found that position to be quite profitable, and hence have no reason to do anything to undermine OPEC.

What this means is that the immediate interests of the oil companies directly conflict with the interests of the American public. For American consumers, OPEC has meant higher fuel prices, occasionally tight supplies, and a lower standard of living. OPEC has also undermined American foreign policy, which must take into account the risk of displeasing nations whose values and interests are very different from our own. The oil companies have nothing much to gain from OPEC's destruction, but most Americans have a lot to gain.

This means that the oil companies' public opinions about how to deal with the energy crisis should not be treated too seriously. They are not evil incarnate; they did not create the energy crisis; but their interests in this matter are different from those of society as a whole. In particular, various proposals for breaking OPEC turn on taking away the oil companies' control over purchasing arrangements with the cartel. The companies are bound to insist this won't work, but they needn't be believed. Likewise, the industry's dim view of antitrust measures aimed at itself is not one that we need to share.

A good example of oil industry folderol is the current campaign (led, naturally, by Mobil) to preserve its right to misuse the foreign tax credit, a loophole that has encouraged big oil to cooperate with OPEC. The foreign tax credit permits firms doing business abroad to credit taxes paid to foreign governments against their US tax obligations, to ensure that they aren't taxed twice on the same income. This is a perfectly reasonable provision. What is not reasonable is the way in which the oil companies have used it. Under their cozy arrangements with OPEC countries, some of the payments made for the right to extract oil—royalties, in essence—are disguised as income taxes. The Saudis, for example, levy a flat "income tax" on each barrel of crude—not on net income. The OPEC governments don't care in the least how much of the money they get is classified as taxes and how much as royalties, since they get the same amount in any case. The oil companies, however, have good reason to care. Any so-called taxes can be subtracted dollar-for-dollar from a company's US tax obligation. Royalties, by contrast, are only deductible as normal business costs, reducing the total tax bill (at current corporate rates) by only 46 cents on the dollar. The IRS has proposed a new rule to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

make sure that payments claimed for the foreign tax credit are really taxes and not royalties. Under the new definition, "taxes" like those in Saudi Arabia would no longer be eligible for the credit. Naturally the oil companies have raised a chorus of protest against the change. Mobil ran a newspaper ad complaining that if the change goes through, "American oil companies . . . would be priced out of the business of finding and producing oil overseas. This is because they'd be taxed twice on overseas earnings: by foreign governments and by their own government. And their foreign competitors wouldn't be. It's as simple as that." In fact, it's even simpler: like the rest of the oil industry, Mobil prefers not to be taxed at all on its earnings abroad, and in the past the foreign tax credit has permitted it that luxury. The change would only make sure that all income is taxed once. The change will have no effect on the competitive position of American oil companies. Taxes paid on profits in no way limit the ability of a company to make profits—in other words, to compete. What closing this loophole for profits from foreign oil *will* do is end the competitive disadvantage of domestic oil production.

Another target of Mobil and several other oil companies is the windfall profits tax (proposed by President Carter, recently raised and passed by the House). This tax, like the tightening of the foreign tax credit, would make it harder for big oil to profit from OPEC's predations. The reasons for it, after all, is not simply that the oil companies are making lots of money, but that they are making it thanks to OPEC's artificial constriction of supplies. There isn't much we can do to keep OPEC from getting whatever price it wants but there's no reason we should let the oil companies make the same amount on oil that has already been found. The oil companies should be able to charge the current market price for their domestic oil, but some of their windfall should be taxed away. Mobil says any such tax will inhibit the ability of the industry to invest in new exploration and drilling. This argument pretends that such ventures have to be financed internally. In fact, if there is money to be made, then the money markets will provide adequate investment capital. If the oil companies were so desperate for investment funds for oil exploration, firms like Exxon and Mobil wouldn't be spending money to diversify through the purchase of companies in other fields. This is another common charge against the oil companies that slightly misses the mark. There is nothing sinister about their using profits to diversify. But such purchases prove the absurdity of their arguments that large profits are needed to pay for oil investments.

The oil companies are not the voracious, conspiratorial monsters of popular demonology. Nor are they kindly servants of the widows, orphans, and working people who supposedly are their stockholders, as Texaco would have us believe. They are rational organizations which exist to make a profit by providing consumers with certain goods. The not operate in a tightly-run conspiracy, nor in a market, but in a cartelized market dominated by a large firms and a powerful group of for governments. Unlike a competitive market, th market does not automatically function in a way serves the general interest. Government policie influence the oil companies' rational, self-intere decision-making in ways these companies don't and in some cases to supersede their decision-ma power, are urgently needed. No devil theory is ne to justify such actions.

Stephen Chapm

The Edsel of energy alternatives.

Synfuel Madness

Gas lines, the OPEC price increase, and the troubl Iran and at Three Mile Island finally have convi Congress that there is an energy crisis, and that's g But Congress's response to the crisis—or rathe response to the fear that the public will punish it fo doing something sooner—has been to latch on to a conceived crash program to develop synthetic fue looks as though President Carter, out of his political panic, will opt for spending tens or hundre billions on synfuels, too. And so, for no well-consid reason, the leaders of the US government seem al to commit the country to a huge new enterprise will stir men's souls and divert their attention, b likely to be an economic, social, and environme disaster. The synfuel crusade will put vast sum money into the hands of US energy companies other vested interests. It will require governmen consumer subsidies, probably forever. It will r interest rates and otherwise fuel inflation, cr environmental havoc, and shift resources from macho alternatives—active conservation, worldv exploration, and solar energy—which show n promise.

The idea of a crash government-financed progra make oil and gas from coal has taken the town by st It first surfaced here in a *Wall Street Journal* articl President Johnson's Vietnam-era national secu adviser, Walt Rostow, now a professor at the Unive ty of Texas. Shortly afterward, on June 10, it boosted again in the *Washington Post* by t Washington establishmentarians: superlawyer L Cutler, former Navy secretary Paul Ignatius, former Air Force secretary Eugene M. Zuckert. idea has the support of the high-establishm Committee on Economic Development, colum James Reston, and the *New York Times* editorial boar

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

also being pushed by Felix Rohatyn, the corporate merger-master and New York City bailout-bondsman. *Business Week* has endorsed the idea, and the Mobil oil company is reprinting *Business Week*'s editorial in its own editorial advertisements.

This is just the public side of the boom. Behind the scenes, powerful interests are boosting synfuel. The oil companies might be thought hostile to potentially competitive artificial fuel, but in fact they own 20 percent of the country's coal. The three main US techniques for liquifying coal into oil are being developed by Exxon, Gulf, and Ashland Oil Company. Mobil is into making methyl alcohol out of coal, and two of the big oil shale developers are Union Oil Company and Occidental. Besides energy companies, the auto industry loves synfuel, which might relieve the pressure for mileage standards. (Lloyd Cutler, incidentally, is a major auto company lawyer in Washington. Ignatius represents the airlines.) The United Auto Workers presumably will support synfuel if this means its members can keep on making big cars. The United Mine Workers foresees a huge increase in membership from synfuels, and the AFL-CIO construction trades unions anticipate a boom in employment building synfuel plants. If the federal government is going to guarantee loans of $100 billion, $200 billion, or $300 billion, banks and investment houses won't complain, nor will big law firms, which will write all the contracts.

About 30 bills have been introduced in Congress supporting synfuel development. On June 26, the same Congress that heretofore has been unable to agree on much of anything concerning energy approved a measure to finance production of 500,000 barrels per day of synthetic fuel by 1985 and two million barrels a day by 1990. The vote was 368 to 25. The bill contained authorization to spend only three billion dollars to guarantee loans to build synfuel plants and buy their products for defense stockpiles. Meanwhile, Senator Henry Jackson has introduced a catchall energy measure providing five billion dollars for 15 demonstration synfuel plants.

Down at the White House, a major synfuel push was anticipated in the notorious Eizenstat memo to President Carter and in Vice President Mondale's stand-in speech to the National Governors Conference. At Camp David, President Carter reportedly was considering a plan to set up plants producing between one million and two million barrels a day of synfuel, at a total cost of $40 billion to $80 billion, most of it to be extracted from the private sector.

The one major Washington politician who has not gone head-over-heels for synfuel is Senator Edward Kennedy, who said he has serious doubts about the approach. Kennedy's aides are all hostile to it, and advocate conservation and world oil exploration as preferable alternatives.

A Rand Corporation study for the Energy Department, unearthed by the *New York Times*, warns that energy projects usually cost more than double their budgeted price. But it takes no secret documents to prove that vast sums are involved here. Ignatius, Zuckert, and Cutler have called for building facilities to make five million barrels a day, and acknowledge that this will cost $100 billion to $200 billion. Rostow estimates $60 billion is needed to make each one million barrels a day of synfuel, so that five million barrels will cost $300 billion over a 20-year period.

These huge sums don't take away the breath of their advocates. To the contrary, the figures rouse their spirits and remind them of the great crusades of their youths: the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, synthetic rubber-making during World War II, the Manhattan Project, aluminum production during the Korean war, putting a man on the moon. A $100-billion crash energy program, the Energy Independence Authority, was suggested in 1975 by Vice President Nelson Rockefeller, a man of truly grandiose visions, but it fell afoul of pettier minds. Now the best and brightest have revived the idea as a way of breaking free from OPEC, getting the sluggish American economy moving again, putting people to work in the event of recession, and showing America and the world that this country still has what it takes to produce its way to victory.

Unfortunately, there are problems. The key one is economic. Hitler's Germany produced gasoline from coal during World War II, and South Africa plans to get 45 percent of its energy supplies from synfuel (using, of course, cheap black labor in the coal mines). But no other country in the world besides those two has chosen to go the synfuel route because, no matter how high the price of oil has been, synfuel always has cost more. When oil was selling at $3.50 a barrel in 1973, synfuel cost $4.50. When crude was at $17 before the latest OPEC increase, oil from shale was at $25 and from coal, even higher. Now that oil is up at $20, estimates are that synfuels will cost $30, $35, or $40 a barrel. It's no sinister accident that synfuel costs stay ahead; it takes energy to convert coal into oil or gas, and energy costs money. As a result, private companies have seen no profit in synfuel production, and the only plants existing in the US at the moment are small experimental operations.

If the United States decides on a big synfuel push, the federal government not only will have to help companies build the plants, but also will have to provide permanent subsidies to induce people to use synfuel instead of oil. The subsidy could be honest and direct, and show up in the federal budget. More likely, the government will require companies to buy the stuff, and let them pass the cost on to consumers. How much all this will cost the US economy is not clear, but it will be billions. Zuckert, Ignatius, and Cutler themselves anticipate that synfuel will be so uneconomical that they advocate building $200 billion in plants merely as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an insurance policy, letting them stand idle as a hedge against oil boycotts and other OPEC hanky-panky. They do not explain what they will do with the idle coal mines and miners, and the railroad capacity that also will have to be built to make their scheme work, or how much all of this will cost.

There are other hidden costs, too. For the federal government to guarantee loans of $200 billion will sop up private capital, raise interest rates, and stimulate inflation. Construction jobs and boom towns may be created where the coal and shale are—in Montana, Colorado, and Utah—but there will be less money for investment in job-producing enterprises in the East, South, and West Coast. Coal mining is notoriously harmful to the environment. Heating coal heats the atmosphere, causing climatic changes and agricultural disruptions. Once the government gets itself committed to huge synfuel expenditures, a constituency and a momentum will develop that will make it impossible to shift courses if synfuel turns out to be a huge mistake. The government does make mistakes. It did so in the 1950s, putting itself massively behind nuclear power, and it made that decision in a more considered way than it is making this one.

Some synfuel advocates say that all the risks and costs are worth taking in order to be free of OPEC. But there are alternatives. If the US goal is to replace five million of the nine million barrels of oil we import per day, we can do it cheaper and more safely. One way is by active conservation—or "energy productivity," as some PR-minded advocates call it. These advocates claim that by insulating homes and replacing insufficient heating units, the US could save two million barrels a day by 1990 and four million by 2000. Additional savings of three million barrels a day can be achieved in the industrial and commercial sectors. These conservation measures do not involve reducing US growth or industrial production. To the contrary, refitting industries and weatherizing homes would provide new jobs and increase the gross national product. It is not a no-growth, un-American idea at all.

Another alternative to OPEC oil is non-OPEC oil, including Canada's heavy oil. Mexico, China, and other non-OPEC producers probably will charge the OPEC price for their products, but it's better to pay them than to pay OPEC. The more oil there is available in the market, the less OPEC can hike prices. As long as Congress is in a mood to spend money on energy, it should establish a fund to finance exploration abroad by independent US oil companies. The US also should try to write contracts with non-Arab oil producers guaranteeing the US a supply at world prices, regardless what happens in the Persian Gulf.

The federal government also should put more money into solar energy, including conversion of organic biomass into fuel. The Harvard Business School's energy project concluded that the equivalent of four million barrels a day of oil could be produced from solar sources by 1990.

Congress and the Carter administration shoul proceed with tests of synfuels to see whether they ca be made commercially sound. But to commit th country to a massive crash effort is irresponsible. Th government would be selling the country a pig in a por barrel if it did so. Done out of political panic, it is th government equivalent of topping off your tank.

Morton Kondrack

Brian Weber never volunteered.

'Voluntary' Quotas

The disarming simplicity with which the Suprem Court rejected Brian Weber's "reverse discriminatior claim took the legal community by surprise. In less tha 13 pages of printed opinion—about half of which wa taken up by summarizing the facts of the case, b several long footnotes, and by chunks of quotatio from the *Congressional Record*—Justice William Brenna made a single, seemingly elementary, point on behalf c the five justices who comprised the Court majority. H said that in enacting the equal employment provisior of the Civil Rights Act 15 years ago, Congress could nc have meant to forbid private employers—the grou whose racial discrimination the law was aimed at- from "voluntarily" eliminating "traditional patterns c racial segregation." The training program Weber ha challenged was "race-conscious." It set aside half it places for black applicants. But since it was a employer's "voluntary" effort to correct raci imbalance, Congress would not have wishe to condemn it.

Congress's intention in 1964 was all-importan Unlike the famous *Bakke* case of last year, the *Weber* cas did not present a constitutional problem. Only goverr ment agencies must obey the Fourteenth Amendment guarantee of equal protection of the laws, whic forbids racial discrimination. When a state institutior like the University of California Medical School a Davis in the *Bakke* case, engages in racial discriminatior its practices are controlled by the Constitution. Bu when a private employer like Kaiser Aluminum hire fires, or promotes people, its employment decisions ar not governed by constitutional standards. Only if a la enacted by Congress or a state legislature makes suc conduct unlawful can private racial discrimination b successfully fought in court.

As proof that the 1964 Congress wanted employer to act "voluntarily" to end racial discrimination, even b race-conscious affirmative action, Justice Brenna quoted the report of the House committee tha

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

onsidered and approved the civil rights law. These epresentatives said they hoped that the law would reate an atmosphere conducive to voluntary or local esolution of other forms of discrimination." The ourt's *Weber* opinion repeatedly described the issue osed by Kaiser's half-and-half racial quota as whether voluntary, race-conscious affirmative action" by rivate employers is permissible. The words "voluntary" or "voluntarily" appear in the text no less than 11 mes, an extraordinary refrain in such a brief decision. "Voluntary" private activity that serves a desirable ocial goal endorsed by Congress is, of course, ommendable, and only a Congress bereft of its senses ould prohibit it. If, after enactment of the 1964 Civil ights Act, a private employer had chosen to contribute large sum of money for educating and training inority victims of employment discrimination, such a esture would have been "voluntary" and plainly in ervice of the legislative goal. Similarly, if an employer roadened its recruitment effort, at its own expense, in rder to encourage minority applicants for jobs, this ould have been a "voluntary" program to achieve the bjectives of the Civil Rights Act.

But there are gnawing differences between these ypothetical expressions of voluntarism and Kaiser's raining program. These differences make one wonder hether the term "voluntary" is applicable here at all. he first troubling question is whether Kaiser and the Jnited Steelworkers Union (which together made the rogram part of their labor contract) truly started this ffirmative action plan out of the goodness of their earts. Justice Rehnquist's dissenting opinion notes hat the Office of Federal Contract Compliance had put ubstantial pressure on Kaiser in 1974 "to increase inority representation in craft positions at its various lants." Wishing to head off discrimination claims by inority employees, Kaiser and the union then eveloped the craft training program with a temporary 0 percent racial quota. Threats of enforcement by overnment agencies and the possibility of expensive tigation undercut the image of true voluntariness.

There is a more fundamental problem with the escription of Kaiser's training program as "voluntary." Who, exactly, is doing the volunteering? When n employer spends its money to enlarge its work force, o bolster its recruitment, or to provide training rograms, the employer is entitled to credit for having aken a "voluntary" step. But when the employer hires instead of B, or when it assigns a black applicant to a raining program in place of a white applicant, the mployer suffers no loss. The rejected applicant is the ne who has sacrificed for the universally beneficial bjective. What difference should it make whether the mployer, to whom the matter may be one of total ndifference, has rejected that applicant "voluntarily" r by force of law?

This demonstrates the glibness with which the Court lisposed of Brian Weber's claim, and the uselessness of its notion that an employer's "voluntary" affirmative action to overcome discrimination should be treated differently from a legally compelled remedy for racial discrimination. The fact that Kaiser Aluminum and the United Steelworkers "voluntarily" gave away Brian Weber's otherwise rightful place in line for on-the-job craft training should not affect Weber's legal rights. Before the Supreme Court spoke, Weber lawfully could have been displaced in favor of a black applicant only if certain conditions had been met—if Kaiser had been found to have discriminated against minorities, and if it had been determined that a quota system was necessary and appropriate to remedy past discrimination. The *Weber* decision sweeps away these prerequisites.

A more narrow rejection of Weber's claim was expected because the Court's ruling seems to conflict squarely with opinions expressed in 1964 by congressional supporters of the Civil Rights Act, who were trying to persuade their colleagues and the country that the law would not be used to throw whites out of jobs in order to achieve "racial balance." Courts have long recognized that laws against race-conscious actions designed to arrive at racial balance do not prohibit racial selection when it is needed to correct deliberate racial discrimination. An employer which has illegally discriminated for years may not, when it is finally ensnared by the law, begin at square one. It must redress the damage done by its own past illegal conduct. This obligation applies even though discrimination on account of race is prohibited, and correcting an employer's past injustices may mean rejecting white applicants solely because of their race.

One of the most consistently liberal judges on the Appeals Court which ruled on the *Weber* case did not find it as easy to reject Weber's claim as the Supreme Court did. Judge John Minor Wisdom dissented from the lower court's ruling in Weber's favor (which the Supreme Court overturned), but he marked off the lines for permissible affirmative action far more cautiously than the Supreme Court did. In Judge Wisdom's view, a program like the one started by Kaiser and the Steelworkers may be used to exclude white applicants like Brian Weber only if there is some basis in fact for treating it as a specific remedy for an employer's history of discrimination. Wisdom also emphasized that the union, which is supposed to speak for all the employees and presumably is controlled by the white majority, believed that this kind of remedial program was necessary. In the same vein, the brief filed by the Department of Justice argued that Kaiser's program might well have been compelled by judicial decree if it had not been initiated by the employer and the union.

The Supreme Court's opinion was tied to no such lifelines. It has been viewed by black groups, in the initial glow of victory, as a sweeping vindication of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

affirmative action. But the lack of any meaningful limitation is an invitation to future lawsuits. It is not hard to imagine situations in which an employer's "voluntary" sacrifice of the rights of its white employees would shock most judges. The Court was careful to avoid placing its seal of approval on all conceivable plans. It noted that the Kaiser plan was only temporary, that it did not contemplate the discharge of white workers, and that it did not totally bar whites from on-the-job craft training. How lines might be drawn in the future to exclude "voluntary" plans with any of these features remains a mystery.

Nathan Lewin

A victory for freedom; a defeat for the United States. Why should that be so?

Somoza's Finale

Managua, Nicaragua

The military overthrow of Nicaraguan dictator Anastasio Somoza Debayle ends a protracted political and military struggle for which success seemed nearly impossible until recently. It also demonstrates the continuing inability of American foreign policy to respond intelligently to popular movements in the developing world.

The Somoza dynasty, installed by the United States more than 40 years ago and sustained by seven American presidents, has thrived on corruption and brutality in much the same manner as neighboring "banana republic" regimes in countries like Guatemala, Honduras, and El Salvador. But by maintaining an especially close symbiotic relationship with the US and parroting crude "anti-communism" as the sole basis of their national policy, the Somozas were always thought to be immune from domestic challenge. Self-styled as "America's closest and most faithful ally in the hemisphere," Nicaragua under the Somoza dynasty was always thought to be so important to the United States that the Americans would never let it collapse.

But now it has collapsed, with a speed and finality that revealed the regime's fundamental weakness despite its appearance of unchallengeable power. The end of the Somoza rule is a testament, of course, to an opposition movement that managed to involve every segment of society and cut every pillar of support out from under the regime. It also reflects the personal misjudgments of President Somoza himself, who proved so greedy and confident of his power that he alienated even those groups that had sustained his father and brother before him. And finally, it show that the United States is both unable to manipulat events in the third world and, indeed, has grea difficulty even in objectively analyzing the tru strength of its more repressive allies. At a dozen point during the last few years, the American governmen had chances to assert itself successfully in Nicaragua But at each of those junctures it has made mis judgments which, taken together, have solidified in th minds of Nicaraguans the identification between th US and Somoza, and have embittered many elements o the anti-Somoza movement, which is now takin control of the country.

It has been nearly 20 years since several radica student groups and other militant sects decided to unit and begin armed struggle against Somoza an "Somocismo," the system that the Somoza famil painstakingly built to perpetuate its rule ove Nicaragua. They took the name "Sandinista Nationa Liberation Front" in honor of Augusto Cesar Sandino the legendary guerrilla who fought against th occupying US Marines in the 1920s and was executed by the founder of the Somoza dynasty, Anastasi Somoza Garcia, in 1934. With a small supply of arm and some support from Cuba—then actively pursuing general Latin American revolution—the Sandinista began isolated attacks and ambushes against soldiers o Somoza's National Guard. Until the end of the 1960s the movement made little progress. Its leaders, most o them scions of the nation's prominent families, realize that some change in strategy was necessary.

The reasons for the Sandinistas' frustration wer plain. The National Guard, which never has had commander named anything other than Somoza, was strong military force, trained by the US Army in th Panama Canal Zone and armed with modern American weapons. The possibility of a serious challenge by th ragtag Sandinista guerrillas seemed almost ludicrous In addition, the Somozas always had been careful t share some of their wealth with the business an entepreneurial segments of society, and therefore secure establishment felt no real reason to turn on th regime.

Since the establishment of the Somoza rule, th family not only has exercised complete political contro over Nicaragua, but also has totally dominated it economic structure. Most major industries and impor concessions and about a third of the country's arabl land are in the hands of the family and its clos associates. But so long as the family shared some of it fabulous wealth, it was assured of support from it well-to-do domestic allies.

That support began to erode after the 1972 earth quake that reduced much of the capital city, Managua to rubble. Somoza immediately named himself head o the national reconstruction effort and insisted o keeping all the financial benefits of the reconstruction He took over the cement and construction industrie

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nd looted the funds sent from abroad to aid the ebuilding of Managua. Most of the bourgeoisie, which ıas helped to defeat the dynasty, turned against the egime for the first time after the earthquake, not ecause of the dictator's corrupt use of foreign aid—hat was a well-established Somoza tradition—but ecause of his refusal to share the fruits of his plunder vith them as he had in the past. The businessmen were ıot yet ready to back the Sandinistas, but their backing way from the dynasty was an important turning point.

At Christmas 1974, the almost-forgotten San-inistas burst onto the world's front pages with a pectacular invasion of a high society Christmas party. hey held the guests, including several close friends nd relatives of the president, until Somoza agreed to ay half a million dollars ransom, to publish their ıanifesto in the local newspapers, and to fly them and 2 imprisoned colleagues to Cuba. Thousands of Jicaraguans lined the streets to cheer the guerrillas as hey made their way by convoy to the Managua airport. ut even after that success, most Nicaraguans were keptical that Somoza could be overthrown as easily as e had been humiliated.

The rebels continued their campaign of harassment ı the countryside, but their real achievement during his period was not military. In October 1977, the uerrillas adopted a striking change in strategy. Instead f continuing to rely exclusively on armed struggle, ıey decided to form an alliance with liberal business, hurch, and political groups, together with moderates nd conservatives who had been wary of the San-inistas' leftist line. Sensing the growing crescendo of esentment against Somoza, the rebel army sacrificed ome of its ideological purity to form a broad-based lliance.

Somoza's eroding position was becoming clear to ıany observers, both Nicaraguans and foreigners. As ıe moderate elements of society openly aligned ıemselves with the rebel movement and were met vith overwhelming support from the Nicaraguan eople, the United States should have recognized that ıe dictator's days were numbered. If the State)epartment had been observant enough, it might have een able to force Somoza's resignation and turn the ınning of the country over to conservative, pro-ımerican forces, thus assuring the installation of a overnment that was acceptable to large numbers of licaraguans, while freezing out the more threatening lements of the opposition. But when a coalition of nti-Somoza forces, led by conservative publisher edro Joaquin Chamorro, appealed to the US in 1977 or moral support, it was dismissed by the US overnment as a collection of ineffective idealists.

After Chamorro's assassination in January 1978 vhich is still unsolved), a national business strike was ılled and the Sandinista military offensive intensified. his marked the first real joint action between military nd civilian opponents of Somoza, and should have made clear that the anti-Somoza movement was attracting very broad support from all segments of the population. Anti-Somoza conservatives were still, by this time, willing to split away from the guerrillas. But the State Department, perhaps misled by its embassy in Managua, which has demonstrated inadequate reporting skills, continued to dismiss the possibility that any anti-Somoza effort could succeed.

The spectacular take-over of the Nicaraguan National Palace by Sandinista guerrillas in August 1978 and the subsequent general strike gave still more evidence of Somoza's growing isolation. But the US still declined to move against him. Though the Americans were his only remaining allies, Somoza obviously felt that as long as he was backed from Washington, he had nothing to fear at home. President Carter's human rights policy encouraged Somoza's opponents, but the dominant American policy remained support of his government. Thus Somoza now blames Carter for his downfall, and the Sandinistas blame him for lengthening the agonizing war. Both accusations have merit.

This cycle continued through the rest of 1978. The American government made a half-hearted effort at mediation between Somoza and his enemies, which was both long overdue and far too timid for the wily Somoza, whose shrewd understanding of the American political process is one of his greatest assets. Realizing that the State Department was not really serious about the mediation, he put on a facade of interest, offering endless counterproposals without any sincere desire for compromise.

The mediation finally collapsed in January of this year. During the next few months, the Sandinista army built up its supplies, recruited more militants, intensified its training program, and built up a strong network of support throughout Latin America. But the Americans continued to rely on Somoza either to reach a political accommodation with the rebels or to strengthen his National Guard enough to destroy them. But in fact Somoza made no serious political compromises—it would have been entirely out of character for him to do so—and the Guard remained under the control of political cronies whose combat experience was largely limited to US Army war games in the Panama Canal Zone.

Last April, several members of "The Twelve," a group of Nicaraguan academics, priests, and professionals who back the Sandinistas, visited Washington. They met with journalists and politicians, including Senator Edward Kennedy, but the State Department ignored their presence and made no effort to reach out to them. Thus the Americans passed up yet another chance to establish meaningful contacts with Somoza's opponents. Members of "The Twelve" returned home with the understandable impression that the American government remained unwilling, even at that late date, to listen to the ever-widening anti-Somoza movement.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On May 28, the long-awaited Sandinista "final offensive" against Somoza was launched, and a week later a business strike once again brought commerce throughout the country to a standstill. In the following weeks, thousands of civilians, together with many Guardsmen and Sandinistas, have died in the most intense civil strife Latin America has seen since the Mexican revolution in the early years of this century. Hundreds of thousands of jobs have been lost, thousands have been forced from their homes, and terrible physical destruction has resulted from Somoza's bombing raids against rebel positions in most of the country's major cities.

The next American effort was to ask the Organization of American States (OAS), once a puppet of the US, to back the dispatch of a "peacekeeping" force to Nicaragua. But not a single Latin nation was willing to go along, and so the US was forced to withdraw the proposal. Finally conceding on June 26 that "no end to or resolution of the crisis is possible that does not start with the departure of Somoza from power," the US government began to press the five-member provisional junta named by the guerrillas to accept several new members more to the liking of the United States. Again, if the offer had come a month earlier, before the carnage of June and July, it might have been accepted by the rebels. But as they moved toward military victory, they were understandably reluctant to strike a bargain with the dictator so many of them had died fighting—especially a bargain imposed by the United States, which is still regarded bitterly here as the nation that installed the Somozas in the first plac

Members of the new government, which probab will run the country for several years while physic and political reconstruction begins, are frustrated b and at times hostile to the United States. They belie that the US backed Somoza as long as it possibl could—and, indeed, far longer than was logical, eve from a strictly pragmatic point of view—and nov having finally accepted his defeat, is trying to recoup i losses by bullying the provisional junta, which perceives as leftist-dominated. The Americans' ne chance to alienate the country's new leaders will com soon, when the new government makes an appeal fc international reconstruction aid. Anything less tha enthusiastic American support for that effort certainl will be interpreted here as the last straw in US relatior with the anti-Somoza movement, which now embrace virtually all of Nicaraguan society.

"We want to have friendly relations with all th countries of the world including the United States said one member of the rebel junta. "If the Unite States wants it, they can have it. If they don't, it will b the fault of some US politicians who think they ca control all of the small countries of the world. Th nature of our relationship with the United States wi be determined by the United States."

Stephen Kinze

Stephen Kinzer has written extensively about Lati America for *TNR* and other publications.

The fantasy world of high chat.

Hutchinsland

by Edward Engberg

In 1867 Charles Dickens reported on "the first meeting of the Mudfog Association for the Advancement of Everything." A dozen years ago, on the centennial of that occasion, I became Senior Fellow of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions at Santa Barbar California. I was reminded of these moments in histor by the news that the Center, after years of seed gentility, has found a new benefactor. It has been take in as a ward of the University of California at Sant Barbara. Its new director, Brian Fagan, a anthropologist, proposes to "make it sing." Faga would do well to read his Dickens.

Like the Mudfog Association, the Center took as it mission to bring together "the best minds" to reflect o

Edward Engberg is at work on a biography of Thorstein Veblen.

This is one of an occasional series of articles about various non-profit institutes and centers, and what in the world they do.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

natters of moment for the benefit of us all. For the best art of two decades, the minds convoked every weekday morning, promptly at 11 o'clock, in a large oom with a wonderful, carefully designed view of the Pacific Ocean and a pleasing extent of its shoreline. Here the minds interacted among themselves and with ther minds whose owners sat in by invitation of the ouse minds. A bimonthly journal (*The Center Magazine*), newsletter, tapes, lecture engagements, pamphlets—Occasional Papers"—and the like, memorialized some f this talk and gave it circulation among those in the ody politic to whom it all mattered enough to be worth aying for. These numbered as many as 80,000 at the eak.

The bill for this talk came high. The Center's roomy ansion (nicknamed "El Parthenon"), employed in ood times a staff of five dozen, including administrators, a public relations director, a direct mail arketing specialist, secretaries, a lunchtime cook, ookkeepers, people to look after the 47-acre grounds nd its deer, along with editors and their assistants. To elp sustain this level of conversation, the minds from me to time took to the road. With the help of ad hoc nding, they convoked best-mind superstars in New ork, Washington, and Geneva to raise everyone's nsciousness about peace and freedom and also to hake the tambourines" for the Center and its mission, Harry Ashmore, a Center official, put it.

The Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions as an early model of an increasingly common type of rganization. In general, these organizations consist of group of people huddled around a Xerox machine nder shelter of a common overhead of rent and tilities; they are bound together by a group health surance plan, a more or less common interest, and me hope of making the world a better place—if not r everyone, then at the least for themselves. If one of ese high talk organizations is to thrive beyond those cessities, then its talk must be, or be made to seem, spired by some need of those who put up the money, cluding you and me in the form of tax exemptions. If e talk the organization produces seems no more structive than what emanates from a journal of inion, say, or a television panel show, or the op ed ges or a political discussion in a neighborhood saloon, must be invested with a character that transcends ere content and achieves a higher significance.

Dickens's Mudfog Association, for an instance, rvested its self esteem from a dedication of science to e common good. For illustration: It is a Monday orning session (Section A.—Zoology and Botany). r. Misty complains that, owing to several causes, gan grinder monkeys were vanishing from the reets of London; "the proportion in the year 1829 (it peared by the Parliamentary return) being as one onkey to three organs." This, he felt, had grave plications to the national education as it deprived the ople, and especially children, of important lessons in natural history. He urged Her Majesty's government to repopulate the streets with monkeys and dancing bears and to provide a suitable park for them midway between the houses of Parliament. Mr. Mull disagreed sharply. His own observations had warned him that "many children of great abilities had been induced to believe . . . that all monkeys were born in red coats and spangles, and that their hats and feathers also came by nature," thus putting Her Majesty in the position of "diffusing incorrect and imperfect notions."

The Center in Santa Barbara assumed a mission that cannot be defined more concisely than the Advancement of Everything Good. At one time or another, depending upon its finances, the immediate audience, or the condition of the world and the night vapors troubling it, the Center proposed itself as an "early warning system" that would alert us to each rise in the tide of "critical issues" and the flotsam to be found thereon; as the sole locus of thought generated independently of the pressure of this world; and as the protector and civilizer of great conversation. Israel Shenker of the *New York Times* caught the flavor of the place during a visit there in 1969:

> *No subject is too vast for their attention, no project too visionary for their concern. They deal daily with concepts as grand as universal law and as remote as the uses of the most distant seabed.*
>
> *In this echoing think tank, the accent is liberal and the optimism unbounded, as though words could bridge centuries of misunderstanding, and as though no communication were too difficult to establish. One of the fellows—resigned Episcopal Bishop James A. Pike . . . says that he even communicated with his dead son, an assertion that the other fellows pass over in uncharacteristic silence.*

(continued on page 24)

Coming

At Sea With Roger Rosenblatt

•

Time-Life Books:
Writing Enters the
Post-Industrial Age

•

A Tidal Wave of Dollars

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAKE ET
A CAPI

It's one of Dana's principles of productivity.

Most of the people who work at Dana own Dana stock. There's a plan to help them buy it, no matter what job they do.

So at Dana, people don't work for strangers. It's part of what we call humanistic management, giving people the freedom to work well, to grow and to share the rewards.

You can see the results in our productivity. It's doubled in the last 7 years.

Productivity alone doesn't produce profits. But we're balancing our output of parts for the vehicular, service and industrial equipment markets we manu facture for. So as well as increasing productivity, we've improved our earnings year after year.

And that's not bad for a bunch of working capitalists.

Dana Corporation, Toledo, Ohio 43697.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ERYONE
TALIST.

PRODUCTIVE PEOPLE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The one woman—Elisabeth Mann Borgese—perfected yet another form of communication: She says she taught her dog to type.

Robert Maynard Hutchins, who created, peopled, and presided over the Center, also redeemed its pretenses for hard coin. There was never enough money—one suspects there never could have been enough money—but there was money enough to scrape by on in a manner that had to be taken seriously, and that would prevent the light from being shut off. Hutchins apotheosized the talk into Dialogue and converted many to belief in its salvific value. He did this in much the same way that he had sold the reforms he brought to the University of Chicago. "It isn't a great Center," he often said, "merely the only one there is." He peddled the faith well because, like every successful evangelist, he believed it.

An evangelist lives by words and music, but soon after death the music fades, leaving the words to the elements. To read old issues of *Time* and *Fortune*, for instance, now that the pews are empty and the Wurlitzer is silent, is to invite wonder why Henry Luce was ever conceded the power he carried, as if in a snuff box. Similarly, Robert Hutchins's words and those written about him, reread today, make him sound like merely a slightly updated version of one of those turn-of-the-century academic "presidents" who composed five-foot shelves of congealed learning and gave nostalgic seasoning to the soft-focus memoirs of New England literati. Perhaps, given the earnestness of Hutchins's contribution to the Great Books hype and other uplifts, he deserves no better. We are left, then, to ponder how he brought it off.

Hutchins became secretary of Yale University at the age of 24, dean of the Yale Law School at 29. At 30 he walked down the aisle of Rockefeller Chapel as president of the University of Chicago. He flubbed a chance to ascend to the Supreme Court by being too outspokenly pacifist on the eve of Hitler's war; then he did what needed doing to accommodate the first atomic chain reaction on the Chicago campus. Having greatly improved the university amid, as usual in everything he did, much controversy, he rewarded himself at age 46 with the self-created office of chancellor.

In 1952 Hutchins and Paul Hoffman, president of the Ford Foundation, talked Ford's trustees into springing $15 million to form what they christened the Fund for the Republic. It was intended as a kind of antitoxin to McCarthyism. In 1954, the Fund's first president, Clifford Case, a prominent Republican chosen to make sure the Fund would not cause too much trouble, resigned to run for the Senate. Hutchins then took over himself.

Hutchins rose to prominence at a time when the American veneration of expertise gave to nearly all those who enjoyed reading and who sought to live by their wits the notion that they stood as a class apart Homegrown varieties of the mother country's learnec societies sprang up, and alongside them a more passionate species of organized, ad hoc devotions to the belief that the wisdom of the intellegentsia, if bounc and tightened in the right places, might stanch the flow of evil in the world. In the ministry of the Church of the American Century, the word of Reason took the place of the word of God, and the spread of learning took the place of the spread of religion.

Hutchins followed Luce by a year at Yale and was alsc the son of a Presbyterian minister. Like Luce, Hutchins brought to all his missions an identifying susceptibility He was the softest of touches for one-world schemes, drafts of new US constitutions, Charles Reich-type greenings: any whole plan for the molting of the skin in which we find ourselves, for producing in one swoop a better, purer world, the New Jerusalem. He also liked to live well. The Fund, which itself molted and became the Center, gave Hutchins an outpost, outside the mess and constraints of political, academic, and foundation life, while also providing, in the Presbyterian sense, a good living.

Lewis Mumford recalls an encounter with Hutchins in 1940, at the first "City of Man" conference, called among a "group of representative intellectuals, who would pool their wisdom and exert their authority to make clear the issues democracy now faced." Of the dozen representative intellectuals, Hutchins struck Mumford as "tall, urbane, boyish looking: keen but supercilious, rational and outwardly reasonable, but shallow: an unawakened isolationist." "Aloof," the adjective often used by friendlier critics, fell short of capturing Hutchins's look and bearing of pained noise, as if he were bearing his assigned mission nobly, but constantly wished he might be released for less burdensome service.

Hutchins stood tall and handsome to a fault, with a presence that caricatured Mount Rushmore. When combined with two other Hutchins traits—magnanimity and courage in controversy, and the gift of being able to worry about the right things—Hutchins's looks and his supercilious manner helped his enterprises to maintain the pretenses contained in their self-advertisements.

The transformation of the Fund for the Republic into the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions was a living symptom of Robert Hutchins's own midlife crisis. The Fund began life in circumstances bound to fire an evangelist's heart. True Goths clamored outside the house of Reason, threatening civility and the Republic itself. The Fund vowed to counter the nightmares conjured by the McCarthyites. It commissioned factual studies concerning the true dimensions of communism in America, and other studies pointing to the damage McCarthyism was causing to the foundations of the going order. On top of that it gave large sums of money to the Southern Regional

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Council, to the American Friends Service Committee to strengthen the right of freedom of conscience) and o others for, among other things, studies of fear in ducation and ravages being done to due process.

With McCarthy defused, the Fund turned reflective. Still at its New York City headquarters, it began to ocus on "the great issues." Then in 1959 Hutchins got he Fund board to approve the move to Santa Barbara. Here, presumably, olive trees and the Mediterranean limate would remind all of Socrates and better times. A mall clapper bell was hung outside Hutchins's office to ummon the fellows to their daily devotions; a pleasant, mall excerpt from the Orders of Saint Benedict, tamped on a tea towel and framed, was posted. The nailed appeals for money turned from present evils to ternal verities.

"Centers" or "institutes" come in two kinds. One ind, the advocate of a cause, stakes out a beat—rivacy, say, or whales—to patrol and to make a place or in the arena of public issues. It measures its success y how much of what it wants it gets—in the way of aws, votes, and changes in public opinion polls. The ther type of organization asks for a commitment of noney and moral energy to a subject or to a process—in he Center's case "the intellectual enterprise" itself. The commitment is not to any one viewpoint, but to Dialogue. This kind of institute aspires to be the very onscience of the arena, or at least its tutor. There is no bvious measure of success for this second type. It can nly measure its efforts as do lowlier forms, like nagazines, say, or public television: does its existence ring into being valuable work that otherwise might ot have been done?

Little that came out of the Center owed specifically to ts existence. Little of it, that is, could not have been done just as well, and maybe better, under auspices of he usual bureaucratized, historically located universi-y or foundation, and published in, say, *Daedalus*. Perhaps if the Center had been able to attract some genuinely "best minds," it might have worked, might ave become the Institute for Advanced Studies West he people at the Center had in mind when they talked bout their plans.

But except for expense-paid visits to spend a few days n Santa Barbara and to deliver a paper, the Very Best Minds could not be induced to join permanently in the neditations. What, after all, did the Center have to offer, except life in a California that only makes many hinking people nervous?

For all the weight the Fund for the Republic carried in New York, the Center in Santa Barbara stood essentially self-accredited and self-certified. Moreover, without an urgent evil to combat, much of the rally-round-the-flag support drifted away. In order to make ts new self credible, the Center needed to attract the Very Best Minds. But no self-respecting Very Best Mind would permanently attach itself to an institution run as if Hutchins were the founding abbot. Best Minds would want to make their own rules, Saint Benedict notwithstanding. Also, the alimony from the Ford Foundation had almost run out, requiring the kind of fund-raising exertions which, though suitable to institutions without need to explain their existence, might be seen as presumptuous in an independent center of thought.

The fund-raising efforts, officially presented as attempts to broaden the public discussion of the great issues, took the usual forms, and some not so usual. Under the Hutchins banner—"We launder money"—Bernard Cornfled, the mutual fund salesman, paid for the Center's *Pacem in Terris II* meeting in Geneva. Indulgences were sold to members of the Hollywood community, who were admitted to the meditations and sometimes allowed to speak.

Not knowing whether to behave like the children of light or the children of this world, the Second-Best Minds who did become fellows could not find their moorings. The Dialogue deteriorated into squabbles that would make the average college faculty meeting seem by comparison a drawing together of friars. The Center continued to turn out drafts of new constitutions for the United States and the world, but the effort at collegiality broke down. In 1969, Hutchins fired nearly all the fellows—who had supposed that their appointments were permanent—and began to form a new fellowship based procedurally on the Apostolic Succession. This time he hoped to attract the Very Best Minds, but the Center no longer had the funds to keep up the kind of appearances necessary to bring in the kinds of money needed to keep up appearances. In perhaps its most imaginative thrust, it made a deal with Alex Comfort, the gerontologist, to use the royalties from his *The Joy of Sex* to pay his salary and other expenses. The fellowship continued to disintegrate, however, until there was nothing, Comfort complained, to be a fellow of. Comfort sued to repatriate $93,000 in royalties, and asked for severance pay and damages. The Center countersued. In November 1976, a federal judge in Los Angeles called the contract "shabby" and "unholy," and ordered some of the royalties returned with interest. Comfort got back his copyright for *The Joy of Sex*. The suit was the centerpiece of a complicated mess of events that left the Center in a shambles.

Hutchins died on May 14, 1977, in a Santa Barbara hospital. The Center, then already mordant, may be said to have formed part of his estate. Much of the acreage had been sold off to make severance payments as the purges, begun in 1969, proceeded by installments. The remaining assets, mainly cash from the sale of the land, plus the list of Center members—subscribers to *The Center Magazine*—make up the stake for the new players at UCSB. They will call themselves The Robert M. Hutchins Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Escapism

When Don Siegel, the director of *Escape from Alcatraz* (Paramount), is on the beam, it's a laser. Action and crime are his double-dish, mostly contemporary-urban, sometimes in prison, although he directed *The Shootist*, the Western that was John Wayne's last picture. It's significant that Wayne should have passed from John Ford to Don Siegel, should have bowed out with Siegel. Ford was a 19th-century sensibility, a relatively uneducated man who had both unmistakable genius and unswervable belief in popular sentimental mythology: a man with the eyes of a titan and the heart of a barroom weeper and brawler. Siegel is a 20th-century sensibility, an educated man (Cambridge, no less) whose vision is approximately what Sam Spade's would have been if he had become a film director and who is so skeptical that the skepticism itself becomes a kind of mythos. The encounter of Wayne, a born Ford actor, with Siegel turned a calendar page, though it had its discomforts.

On the other hand, the encounter of Siegel and his present star, Clint Eastwood—this is their fifth collaboration—is a marriage made in hell. Siegel's film style seems almost a cinematic rendition of the Eastwood persona: lean, clean, and tight. Here is one example. In Alcatraz a semi-insane con is out to kill Eastwood. His one chance is in the exercise yard. When he enters the yard, he is frisked for weapons: he has none. He heads into the yard toward Eastwood. The camera goes down to the man's right hand as he walks. After a moment, another man puts a knife in that hand. The camera stays on the hand as he keeps walking. After another moment, another hand reaches in and grabs the man's arm. (The camera then travels upward to reveal that the interceptor is a friend of Eastwood's who has been watching for this trick.) The whole brief sequence—surprise, suspense, reversal—is crystalline cinema.

Eastwood is a top-notch screen performer of a certain kind, the say-nothing-and-speak-volumes kind of Alain Delon and Charles Bronson. Odd, but there haven't been any women of just that kind. Some female stars, like Kim Novak or Ava Gardner or Linda Darnell, couldn't act in any valid sense, but they got by on sex appeal for men and (let's call it) envy appeal for women. These male actors surely have the same two kinds of sex appeal, reversed, but they have something else: a tacit dossier of ruffled history, of troubles and amours survived. We write their roles for them. The strange thing about Eastwood's character in *Alcatraz* is that we never learn why he's in prison and it doesn't really matter. Eastwood is himself—a distillation, an abstraction. Details would only confuse the abstraction. (We don't know anything about the two brothers who escape with him, and this does matter. These two actors are not sufficient in themselves.)

That idea of abstraction suits Siegel well. He wasn't making a film about penal cruelty or miscarriage of justice or anything like that: he was executing a complex pattern of action, with a star strong enough in himself to join one sequence to the next. This is not to say that Siegel has no interest in character; he is deft at fast-stroke magazine portraiture, like the black librarian played here by Paul Benjamin or the old con played by Roberts Blossom. But Siegel is smart enough not to burden his star with particularities. Eastwood, moving through the film like a scalpel, is what Siegel really likes, what he handles exactly.

Both Siegel and Eastwood are known for violence, but there's relatively little of it this time. Eastwood punches someone only once. Blossom (what a good actor) mutilates himself. Otherwise it's all relatively cool—coldly exciting.

Bruce Surtees, who clad *The Shootist* in gold, was the cinematographer for this film, which was shot in Alcatraz itself, refurbished for the occasion. All of the photography is good, but the work at night or in dark passages is stunning. I've never seen more subtle night lighting in color film: it catches just enough of faces to keep us informed, yet it's without trick or preciousness. Surtees conveys that the place is almost black at the same time that we're seeing what we need to see.

The script is a first effort by Richard Tuggle, from a book by J. Campbell Bruce, and it does its job concisely, in speakable dialogue. In the 29 years of Alcatraz's existence, 39 men tried to escape, 36 of whom failed. This script is about the other three, of whom nothing is known: they may have drowned in San Francisco Bay, as three failed fugitives did, they may have got away. (They may have seen this film!) The script doesn't invent an ending. I haven't read the book so perhaps the warden really was as frigidly fiendish as he's shown to be. But if he were Mr. Nice Guy himself, it wouldn't have hurt our understanding of the impulse to escape or the drama of the three men's ingenuity and persistence.

The most difficult film mood to sustain, I've always thought, is lightheartedness. When you think of all the piecework in picture-making, the delays, the retakes, the length of time over which the whole fragmented process goes on, it's much more of a wonder that there is

Films Worth Seeing

The Deer Hunter. Splendid acting, good direction, gradually disintegrating script. *Machismo* in US and Vietnam.

The In-Laws. Funny script, well done by Alan Arkin and Peter Falk despite arthritic direction. A dentist and a shady operator get entangled.

Rocky II. Just what it says. In fact, a bit better than the first one. Well popped corn.

The Tree of Wooden Clogs. Ermanno Olmi's three-hour film about Italian peasants, c. 1900. More truth than art, more respectable than good.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ıch a thing as a bubbly film than that ıere is a sustained drama. And if it's ıugh with actors, imagine what it .ust be with puppets, where every ightest movement has to be planned ıechanically and yet it all has to come ıt free and easy.

That's the real achievement of *The luppet Movie* (AFD): it's casual. The film like the Muppets themselves, casual ıd engaging. It's not hilarious, though there are some laughs; not verwhelming, although it has some gh points: it's just pleasant to sit in ont of.

Some have objected that the script, by rry Juhl and Jack Burns, is *too* casual. I ıink a tighter script would have been a ıistake, would have "miscast" the luppets. The story is about the journey Kermit the Frog from his swamp ome in Hollywood in quest of movie ıccess, his adventures along the way ıd his recruitment of companions ıcluding Fozzie Bear, Miss Piggy and— ı, practically all of them. There are ıly two really weak elements: a slight ndency to syrup and the fact that most of the cameo appearances by big stars—Bob Hope, Richard Pryor, and others—are just that, mere appearances without sharp "bits." With the exception of Mel Brooks, who has a scene, and Orson Welles, who has one line, the guests don't add anything.

But the songs by Paul Williams and Kenny Ascher help matters to move. (The first one, sung by Kermit in his swamp, begins: "Why are there so many songs about rainbows?") The tone is engaging. The chuckles—never boffs—come often enough. Since the days of Kukla, Fran and Ollie, the Muppets are my favorite non-people people; and I even admire Jim Henson and Frank Oz, their main begetters, for not trying to make a bam-wow-zowie picture. It would have embarrassed Kermit.

The 11th James Bond flick, with Roger Moore, is called *Moonraker* (UA). It begins fast, then plummets fast. The familiar recipe—a spoonful of this scene, one of that, and don't forget the other—gets filled by evidently tired minds and hands.

Reconsideration

Philip Rahv: The Last Years

As founder and longtime (1934-69) editor of the influential literary magazine Partisan Review, *the late Philip Rahv (1909-73) was a orce in the making of modern literary opinion. A iterary critic of the caliber of Edmund Wilson nd Lionel Trilling, Rahv was committed both to odernist literature and to radical politics; he hus stood—a formidable "cultural guerrilla" in he words of one writer—at what Lionel Trilling nce called the "dark and bloody crossroads" here art and politics meet.*

hilip once told me of how, when he was ight or nine years old, Russian soldiers ere bivouacked in his village, Kupin in he Ukraine. The soldier who stayed in hilip's house, a tall, blond, handsome ussian—Philip remembered these letails a half-century after the fact, with ondness—the young soldier gave the ewish boy several books to read, among hem Dostoevsky and Tolstoy. Thus egan Philip Rahv's literary education, nd also his serious acquaintanceship vith his own (written) Russian anguage, since in the Greenberg (real name) household the basic language was not Russian but Yiddish. In a word, Philip Greenberg was an authentic *shtetl* boy.

The points of irony here are many. One of them certainly stretches forward from the nine-year-old Jewish child to the man who became, several decades later, one of the great literary critics of the *English*-speaking world (a feat which may be more remarkable than that of the novelists who began with one language but made their reputation in another, like Conrad and Nabakov). But what I would rather emphasize here about the incident is what remained, to my mind, a fundamental aspect of Philip Rahv's life throughout: his deep-rooted sense of personal exile. Exile in the land of his birth and childhood because of the family *Jewishness;* exile in the land of his adulthood, America, because of his Russian and Jewish sides and his socialist beliefs; exile even in Palestine, his stopping-off spot early on, because of his literary ambitions. And even once in Oregon he felt strange, he told me, precisely because he was accepted casually by the young woman who loved him and the employer he worked for (in radio advertising); the rich and painful paradox of the cripple missing his wound! Philip frequently bemoaned the fact that a literary person needed very special surroundings to feel at home; was this a way of saying that no place was special enough for him to feel at home?

Certainly it was not the university, where he spent the last 15 years or so of his life. An autodidact who never finished high school—let alone attended college—he didn't put much store in academic degrees, or in their relation to talent or intelligence. Most universities, he felt, were just glorified high schools anyway.

In some very complicated ways, I think it was this sense of exile in academia that helped to establish our own friendship, which began when I first came to Brandeis in 1966 and which carried—through some choppy waters and serious wrecks—to the night before he died. At our first few meetings he found out pertinent details about my own biography—mainly my own dead father's Russian upbringing and communist dreams as an immigrant here, and my youthful hostility to him partly because of his embarrassing politics, a subject which fascinated Philip, who urged me to write about it in fiction. Anyway, after uncovering these details, he decided, early on, that in some ways we were destined to be close. Or more precisely, that I was fitted emotionally and biographically to serve as a kind of adopted son to him, in place of the son he never had. I don't mean to make myself the subject here, but rather to use myself and my relationship to Philip as a way of trying to understand his affective life, that aspect of his personality from which he frequently sought exile, almost in a conscious way. A childless man all his life, he seemed better constructed for the role of spiritual father than real one. Uprooted from his own family, and staying that way with a too-determined pride, he nevertheless seemed to me to be filled with strong family yearnings, though they were constantly being defeated by ideological priorities. A family man without a family of his own, just the feelings, furtive, flickering; a painful incongruity.

In any case I found myself going to dinner regularly at his home in Boston, a lovely Back Bay brownstone where he and his wife, Theo, treated me with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

great openness and immediate warmth. There, over excellent meals, we discussed literature, leftist politics, childhoods, cooking, students, writing, women, *Partisan Review*, and his hopes for a new magazine. And of course his enemies, an important and growing subject. (These included the "swinger" Poirier for taking over and transforming *Partisan Review* from a serious quarterly to a middlebrow one; the "huckster" Mailer for dominating the New York literary scene by means of his tough-guy personality and his grab-bag of subliterary tricks; the new academicians, who were squeezing the life out of literature with their endless varieties of fashionable criticisms, derived from the French, a group that he found much more repugnant than the old New Critics, whom he disputed but respected; a list of opponents that increased with his own frustrations, unfortunately, so that his personal enmity became more and more confused with intellectual difference.)

Also, he was most curious about the younger generation, especially the developing New Left, though like most members of the older generation of leftists, he never quite understood that it was more a politics of sensibility than a system of correct strategies and ideological positions. Yet he asked about that sensibility with sincere interest—which rock stars were the best, whether marijuana (or other drugs) increased or decreased your sexual potency, what really went on in the new liberated dormitories. And when he was given a new stereo set one Christmas by his affectionate stepdaughter Theo, whom he was very fond of, he immediately bought the Beatles and Dylan, to hear and judge for himself. But if Dylan's "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall" brought tears to his eyes, with its vision (to Philip) of nuclear catastrophe, he was at the same time appalled when such rock groups became the subject of study in the pages of *Partisan Review*. What some saw as an exciting mixing of categories—pop lyrics and music analyzed with a literary seriousness—Philip saw as a confusion of realms, a deliberate and dangerous confusion.

In spite of his interest in theory, however, Rahv surprised me with his material and epicurean sides. Or at least nudged my innocence about the Rules for Socialists. For example, Philip might be talking to you about the crucial failures of American cold-war policy, but he would interrupt suddenly to check out the pork chops Hungarian and their special sauce. A man who could hardly boil an egg at age 45, he had been astonished by a dinner cooked by Nicholas Nabokov one evening, and decided then to learn the craft. In a few years the devout Trotskyite had become a very competent Claiborne, sticking with French recipes for food, Russian formulas for revolution. His determined and disciplined way of learning to cook was no different from the way he learned most things, languages, literature, philosophy—on his own, without teachers or classes, just him and books. In dress too his feelings for the material worth of reality flashed, with his snappy ties, pastel-colored shirts, spiffy sports jackets. These interests, developed only in his maturity, demonstrated not only Philip's practical side but also his growing ease as an accepted socialist in a hopelessly capitalist society. Knowing how to eat and dress well seemed also to serve the literary man, in the sense of advancing his knowledge of manners; a man who didn't *know* society, Philip always said, couldn't really know or judge the full range of literature.

Philip in those first years was instructive and affectionate, and it was only later that my own—and his—ambivalence emerged. (Inevitable ambivalence, I should say, not merely because of a charged father-son relationship, but also because was there anyone who provoked ambivalence as response more than Philip?) But agai early on, he offered me a full course i leftist politics and literary judgment, an equally valuable, encouraged an criticized my own writing. And later o he told me what he liked and disliked i my *American Mischief*, making sever valuable suggestions for th manuscript. A Trotskyist-Leninist in h politics, Rahv was a democrat i literature, a fierce and tested democr as a result of the Stalinist-Proletaria wars of the 1930s. To my mind, were not for his particular moment in histor his strong egalitarian feelings migh have found a political vehicle other tha Bolshevism to express them. It was t his credit, however, that you coul always debate his views with him, onc he saw you were serious, not frivolou in your views—"serious" meaning her that the politics came from convictio not out of idle or academic cor siderations. And if he took time to shi his ground, he could eventually do i Few people recognized that in his la years he did shift ground importantl coming to believe, in his most poise moments, that the true tragic politics c the century existed because of th disparity between egalitarian impuls and necessary political deed, and whil he never gave up on the *idea* of politic revolution, he did grow skeptical of th old way of doing it. For him this was a important concession. Although i should be said that even earlier, in th hothouse atmosphere of the 1960s while intellectually decrying the tactic of the young militants, he nevertheles had sided with them emotionally an had criticized severely older leftist who stood on the sidelines and berate the young. Clearly his generation, wit its wars and wounds, influenced hi personality more than he admitted, or i retrospect perhaps, would want t admit. In general, however, Rahv was bigger and more flexible and infinitel more humorous man than his politica philosophy at times suggested.

In any case, Philip, who could be a tough as he was warm, as cruel as he wa kindly, went through some major up heavals in his last years. He became different Philip Rahv from the one I hac known and experienced. It is very difficult to do full justice to Philip's life here, in so skimpy a space; it deserves longer telling. But at the heart of it wa pain and turbulence, much pain anc bewilderment even—a new emotion fo him, I think—starting with a catastrophic fire which left him bereft o

MOVING?

PLEASE NOTIFY US
6 WEEKS IN ADVANCE

NEW ADDRESS:

Name (please print)

Address

City State Zip

MAIL TO:
Subscription Service Department
The New Republic
P.O. Box 58
Whitinsville, MA 01588

ATTACH LABEL HERE for address change or inquiry. If you are receiving duplicate copies of TNR please send both labels. If moving, list new address above. Note: your subscription will end with the month and year given on the top line of label. Example: 1279 means subscription will end in December 1979.

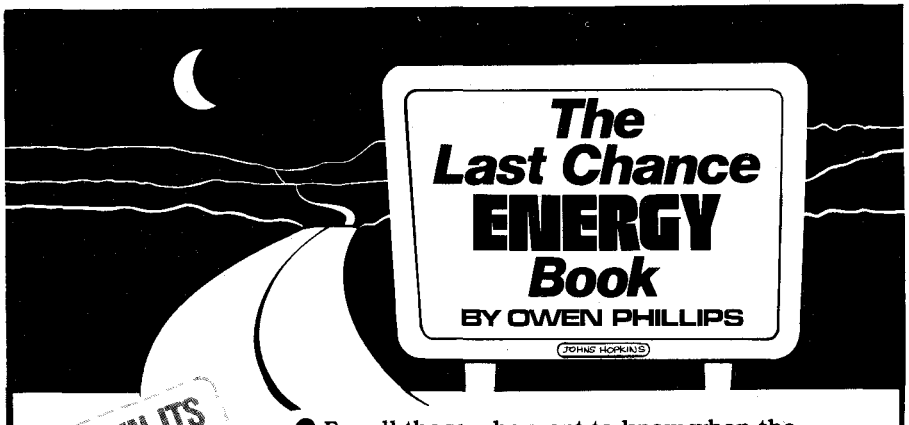
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

oston home, manuscripts, an-otated library, and his wife. It is mpossible to measure here the full ffects of this accident upon his per-onality and outlook, and even—erhaps even crucially—his work. To ny knowledge it was the first major low struck upon his life; the sudden nterruption of routine, for a man of outine like Rahv, probably staggered im as much as the human tragedy. Certain feelings Philip made sure to eep private and guarded, from himself s well, and while I witnessed up close he immediate devastation wrought in he months afterward, the deeper vounds lay buried, probably unlooked t. Had he believed in the power f psychiatrists, it would have been an xcellent time to seek one out; but sychoanalysis had long ago been vritten off as a luxury for the bourgeois. During those months I was involved vith a Philip Rahv rather unknown to he public or to most of his friends, a nan vulnerable, near-helpless and hildlike in dependence. One didn't magine him this way. The heavyweight error had suffered a technical knockout nd was still reeling and struggling to ecover in a Boston hotel room.

Starting *Modern Occasions* a year or two ater brightened his mood considerably, ince if there was one place he felt at ome, it was on and with the printed age, with words and ideas, writing and diting, making his presence and opinion elt in the culture. Like most writers, his eal identity was dramatized there, in his iterary judgment and outstanding rose. The two years that we worked ogether on the magazine, 1970-72, vere another sort of education for me, t once exciting, disconcerting and nimitable. It was not a democratic nagazine in any sense of the word, and t prospered and suffered because of hat, I imagine. For me it was a great leasure to see Rahv returning to his eloved combat, writing his brilliantly acked essays in polemics against this alse political trend or that turn to the ight in a supposedly liberal journal. It vas good to see him put on his gloves gain; he was a terrific counterpuncher gainst sham, stupidity, injustice, and ther onslaughts by middlebrows and nassbrows parading as standard-earers of the culture. To shift netaphors, running a magazine for him vas like running a war, in which this ritic (Erlich) was used in the battle gainst Structuralism, say, that hilosopher (Elevitch) in the fight gainst the new hip psychiatry; the General also had it in his power, I learned to my dismay, to accept stories or pieces which he didn't really like, but which were "useful" in terms of the names involved, or else simply "personal" dispensations. No matter how much I and the other young lieutenants fought against such decisions, we were simply overruled; the General knew best. Eventually that sort of old army dictatorship disturbed me sharply, and worse, hurt the magazine.

But mainly it was uplifting to observe the respect and rewards that the name Rahv brought in from the intellectual and creative world. Pieces began to arrive from poets, novelists, critics, essayists, more for the honor of publishing with Rahv than for the little money and little actual exposure one could earn from a piece. Of course, in terms of audience, Philip never believed in size, but rather in influence; it was not *how many* you were reaching, but *who*. Yet when the audience reached almost 4000 subscribers by the end of the second year, Philip was heartened; after all, he said, it had taken *Partisan Review* some two decades plus to reach, at its apex, 10,000.

And just as *Partisan Review* had been a home for the best in literary and cultural thought in the 1930s and 1940s, so *Modern Occasions* began to draw in quality again. Just as the young Rahv had elicited contributions from the likes of Orwell, Wilson, Eliot, Stevens, Trotsky, Trilling, Arendt, Auerbach, McDonald, Howe, Ellison, Silone, Styron, F. W. Dupee—you name the intellectual or writer, regardless of his politics, he was there—so in the space of two years with the new magazine there appeared Sartre, Chomsky, Dickey, Lowell, Roth, Bellow, Brustein, Kramer, Aiken, J.V. Cunningham, Hardwick, McCarthy, plus the usual selective assortment of newer writers and critics. Of course there was a fine irony present in the older days, when Rahv the refugee and exile was there making a home for the most gifted men and women of his time. Now, however, the special feel of sanctuary was gone; to use a phrase of his, "the intellectuals were in," meaning they could get published anywhere and were in demand, great demand. This situation frustrated Philip, rather than elated him, despite his success in getting writers to write for him; his old pride had been precisely in making that home, for political enemies (like Eliot) as



NOW IN ITS SECOND PRINTING

● For all those who want to know when the lights will go out, and why...

● For all those who think that the energy crisis is a 'fad' issue that will just go away by itself...

● For all those who think that it's an oil company plot to raise prices...

Written in clear, nontechnical language, this book explains the true extent of a very real energy crunch that's lurking in the all-too-near future and describes the possibilities of a new energy age powered by the sun, winds, and oceans. The book is filled with many wry, witty illustrations and dozens of practical suggestions for cutting personal energy consumption and cost. "Convincing arguments and startling facts abound in this essay on the energy problem. The author is not a doomsday prophet, but rather an individual concerned with the rapid energy drain and the not-so-rapid replenishment by discovery of viable sources."—*Library Journal*

$9.95

JOHNS HOPKINS

The Johns Hopkins University Press, Baltimore, Maryland 21218

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

well as friends, all those with serious talent. (He loved to narrate his many coups in judgment, like receiving in the mail one morning Saul Bellow's *Seize the Day*, with a note explaining how the *New Yorker* had just rejected it. Or how Eliot had surprised his agent by asking him to publish sections of "Four Quartets" in *Partisan Review*. Or the discovery by accident, when Philip was out to improve his self-taught German and ran across a volume of criticism in a Fourth Avenue second-hand stall by someone named Auerbach; it was *Partisan Review* that published the first translation of *Mimesis*.)

If the feeling of sanctuary was missing, so too was something else, a clear and direct enemy. For while a great thrust of the old *Partisan Review* was its anti-Stalinist polemics in literature and politics, the thrust now for Philip was much more ambiguous, since the New Leftists held no purge trials, and looked to Port Huron and Berkeley, not Moscow, for ideas; and since concerning literature, they really were not interested. Again, agreeing with their basic impulses, he disagreed strongly with their methods of activism—not the activism itself, it should be said—and found himself caught in between. Articles and editorials appeared which gave off contradictory signals about where *Modern Occasions* stood politically and culturally. Such uncertainty was anything but Philip's style; and instead of making a serious stand behind that ambivalence, as an earned, deserving attitude, Philip retreated from it, in confusion, flailing out against easier targets.

Also, significantly, much of the new literature was being produced by a generation far removed from Philip's, and its aims and methods were also far removed from his sensibility. The new emphasis on the subjective mode and the increased openness concerning the sensual life, for example, were strange, if not outright alien developments. Even in his own writing. Though he had often wished in the later years to write a memoir of his life, he acknowledged that it would be very difficult for him to do. His own inimitable prose style, surely one of the most sophisticated styles of any 20th-century critic, was founded squarely on the objective mode, if you will, in which the personality of the writer was effaced completely in the service of content. A far cry from the contemporary way, to be sure. Which is to say, in summary, *Modern Occasions* still was a place for *quality* in the midst of the modish, the slick, the flashy, the schlock, but it lacked the right age, the right circumstances, the right sensibility, perhaps even the right Philip Rahv to make itself the cultural force that *Partisan Review* had once been. After the first year, Philip himself began to sense this inadequacy, I believe, decrying the times with a surplus of virulence. He who couldn't change began to blame the times for changing.

But though remote from contemporary culture, Rahv, to my mind, continued to have a serious influence. He existed as a kind of grey eminence of literature, off in the wings rather than on stage proper. His positions had beer staked out earlier, and his performance were there for all to see. Against hi standards of excellence, especially thos regarding the classics of 19th- and 20th century Russian and Americar literature, the best of the newer critic had to measure themselves, whethe they named him or not. One remarkabl feature of Rahv's essays was his metho of designing, as well as defining, th underlying scaffolding for his edifice o taste, while dealing with a specifi writer. An essay on Tolstoy for exampl would include within it a substantiv discussion of realism, differentiating it

PERSIAN MINIATURE

With two hairs plucked from the chest of a baby squirrel,
and no lapses of attention,
the brush of the miniaturist freezes an entire population.
Within each quarter-inch surveyed and magnified,
a dozen flowers puncture the spongy ground,
and even the holes where tent-poles stuck
bear ornamental weeds.
Upon a wooden balance beam, this picture's equator,
a cat is prancing.
All the other animals are eating or being milked:
three spotted goats, a beige suede camel,
half a donkey's face lost in an embroidered feedbag.
Under an enormous canopy, seven elders in pajamas radiate
like spokes around the bridegroom.
The whitest beards frost the elders' chins.
Outside, a fat iron cauldron squats upon a fire
whose flames spike up little golden minarets.
A kneeling boy pours coffee;
his pitcher handle's the size of a human eyelash,
but larger than the bridegroom's mustache.
It's a wedding! Is the bride asleep somewhere?
The bride's attendants hover in tiers
like angels in heaven's scaffolding,
but heaven, here, is the hanging gardens,
or maybe the tent-poles hold the heavens up.
Lappets of a tent fold back
on a woman holding her soft triangular breast
to an infant's mouth. The rug she sits on
flaps straight up behind her like wallpaper.
One-sixteenth of an inch away,
a ram is tethered to the picture frame.
But where's the bride going to fit?
In the left hand corner of the painting
across what little of the sky remains,
two geese fly in tandem, pulling two wheels,
two mechanical knotted clouds.
Maybe they are pulling a storm behind them.
Crouched, swirling above the human event,
if the storm fits, it could ruin everything—
smash up the whole abbreviated acre,
flush the bride from sleep—
while the bridegroom sweeps it all away,
entering her innocent tent like thunder
and shatters the distance he's had to keep.

Jane Shore

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

varieties in Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Chekhov; or in talking about Dreiser, there would be a survey of naturalism, starting with the continental version in Zola and leading to the alteration in the American vision. Thus a specific essay contained within it much broader statements and definitions; a modest-sized essay packed enough intellectual weight to provide a full-scale education in the subject. Rahv's economy of intelligence here—combining as it did breadth of knowledge with depth of insight and the virtues of the literary historian enhanced by those of the analytical critic—is most impressive; it places him, I believe, among the finest critics in 20th-century literary criticism.

His death, along with the deaths of Wilson and Auden (and to some extent Trilling), brings to an end an era of culture, in fact, and marks the end of a breed of critic in the Anglo-American world. In the 1970s there would be no clear authority of taste, normal accepted literary standards, in the world of literary criticism. The full chorus of voices from the gallery, about what and who were good, would now not only be heard, but would *count*. Whether this sort of democratization has led to a state of cultural incoherence and chaos, as I think, or else to a more healthy give and take of views, seems to me to be one of the dominant questions of our time, yet to be answered. But what remains undebatable, I sense, is that the quality of criticism as practiced by Rahv and Wilson and Auden is no longer being practiced, and may never again be practiced. Other aims, other arts, other temperaments, other circumstances dominate now and would seem to insure that the making of a literary critic of the likes of these is highly improbable in the future. It may very well be that it was not merely some literary critics who died, but rather an essential component of what we call literary culture. What the effect of this absence will be upon the creative sides of literature remains to be seen.

Rahv lost his one last home too: *Modern Occasions* finally went under from lack of sufficient funds, and Philip found it difficult to concentrate on his own writing. For a man who lived so much within the medium of the written word, whose strongest and best impulses often found their place in his written work, not being able to write with the old rhythm was tantamount to dying. Certainly it was an enormous shock to his system. Whether this stoppage was a cause or an effect of the breakdown in his new marriage is hard to tell; but certainly the two circuits of breakdown crossed and touched each other, with untold damage. He had married a woman unlike any he had ever known, not an upper-class lady with credentials and money, but the pretty daughter of a West Virginia farmer, a once-married academic with a 14-year-old son. Hence when trouble began between them and she reacted with an anger much stronger than that of his previous wives, Philip was unprepared, furious, helpless. Used to dealing with severe domestic difficulty in novels with sympathy, subtlety, and the controls of distance, Philip found himself torn apart by the real-life dilemma unleashed upon him. Reality was getting harder and realer, it seemed, from fire to writing disability to separation traumas to increasing illness. No longer boxer, no longer General, no longer editor or writer, Philip was having a hard time just being a reasonable man.

More and more at the end his inner chaos—its frustrations and pains leading to an unabated cynicism in all human dealings—separated him from the pleasure and consolation of friends. To be sure, his friendships in the last few years were badly deformed, deranged. There was hardly an intimate friend in the end, from well-known poets and writers, ex-wives and ex-prodigal sons, ambitious acquaintances and kindly colleagues, on and on, for whom he didn't feel and express a cutting ambivalence, at best. Warm in their presence, he was cruel behind their backs. But this weak streak should be understood, I think, within the context of his approaching end, and his sharp consciousness of—perhaps willingness for—it. Not writing, festering in his idleness, bruised by the bitter divorce battle, he lost much of his generosity, his patience, his humor, his overall balance. Friendship was a major casualty. Thus the ironic paradox of a man who needed such friendships more than ever suddenly losing the mental framework to sustain them seriously. More and more people came around, including old acquaintances, friends, wives, students; but they were there mainly to fill up his time and dejected solitude, not his heart. Or his mind. Those had closed.

Pitiable and painful were the moments in the last months when he would talk about the turmoil of his life interrupting his concentration. The fire burning him up would emerge plainly, powerfully. He wanted death, and resented it; and resented wanting it; and

For the first time, the complete story...

Bay of Pigs

The Untold Story by

Peter Wyden

From the earliest secret CIA discussions to the aftermath of the greatest disaster of the Kennedy administration...based on eyewitness accounts, including the author's 6-hour interview with Castro, and hitherto secret documents...richly illustrated with over 100 photographs, most never before published...this gripping narrative of America's most secret war is a masterpiece of contemporary history that rivals such classics as *The Longest Day* and *Guns of August*.

"**The most thorough autopsy to date**...filled with fresh detail!"
—*Washington Post*

"**Compulsively readable**...rich with anecdote...and suspense!"—*Los Angeles Times Book Review*

"**A most outstanding history**...important, thought-provoking...excellent revelations!"
—*Chicago Tribune Book World*

Book-of-the-Month Club Main Selection
126 photographs ☐ *$12.95*

Simon and Schuster

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

resented others for not wanting it, not having it. Besides resentment, there was helplessness; lumbering about his kidney-shaped living room like a bear shot by a hunter, dazed by what had hit him, badly wounded, wondering when the end would be. At times in the past we had discussed the possibility of his using a tape recorder for his work, but it was like suggesting to him that he take up the bicycle, or motorcycle. Machines of any sort, especially for writing, were not for him. He needed, he said, the security of his wooden shelf, built by carpenters on the walls of all his studies, and on which he wrote, standing up, in longhand, with a pencil. With a quotations and ideas notebook at his side, thoughts and phrases that he had culled from *his* classics, for pre-writing stimulation. No typewriter, no tape-recorder, just the yellow pencil and lined sheets of paper and the shelf; a Galapagos creature in this age of electric typewriters and electronic devices. At the very end, in the last week of his life, we did persuade him, a close mutual friend and myself, to talk to us along with the recorder, to begin serious work again. Plans were made for his Dostoevsky book to be completed, at long last; and also we would get going on a long-promised project, that personal memoir of literary life during the 1930s and 1940s. This excited him. The stories that he knew about famous literary figures, like several he told us, were sure to cause a scandal, he laughed and threatened. Indeed Rahv would have made a fine Duc de Saint-Simon of the Literary Court, given his eye for detail, his ear for rumor, his nose for aroma. More importantly, the thought that the actual writing ordeal was going to be *bypassed* by means of talk with friends (and tapes) cheered him immensely. It was a good last week and last night for Philip, a badly fatigued man riddled with domestic trouble, physical illness, and torturous self-doubt.

What was especially pleasant about the last few meetings between us was a return of intimacy, whereby talk of all sorts flowed freely again. He never lost his large curiosity about people, or his exact memory for details, especially the scandalous and humorous ones. There was always that interesting disjunction about Rahv, the kind of awe about the man inspired by the writing, and the earthy informality he encouraged in person. A fierce polemicist and powerful authority in print, he was, like many powerful men of the mind, invariably lonely for human company, and therefore could be most approachable and down-to-earth as a man. If you were intelligent, he wanted to talk with you; if you were imaginative, he wanted to hear your stories; if you were pretty or charming, he wanted to have you visible; if you were ordinary, he could be courteous; if you were pretentious, he was merciless. The prospect of the two new projects suddenly ahead of him revived the more wholesome aspects of his personality, and it was gratifying to see his dark face lighten, his grey eyes come alive from within their deep hiding places.

When he smiled mischievously at his naughty stories that last night, for example, like a boy telling tales out of class, I thought of how it was not only an aspect of his humor, but also an outlet for his feelings. To my mind, there was much more raw feeling and emotion in Philip than he liked to admit, or would have admitted to himself; and if that suppression in the social-political self was one of the costs of his largeness as a critic, so be it. To me, that strong feeling was always embedded there, down deep; it was a crucial source of his high taste and outstanding discrimination as a literary critic; it was that which allowed some to become his close friends so quickly, and to retain feeling for him, despite the political self and many of its deeds. For while there was the tyrannical and dogmatic man, there was also that man of feeling and great talent, and the mischievous boy. So I personally was grateful at the end for the return of the more personal note, for both our sakes.

In his will, he bequeathed a good part of his estate to Israel. This surprised many friends and family, I know, and shocked old political and literary associates. It seemed most improbable to think of Rahv as a Zionist, given his apparently total commitment to Trotsky-Lenin Bolshevism; yet there was no doubt in my mind in the eight years or so I knew him that he was a Zionist. Even back in 1966 when I first met him, he never once allowed his Internationalist beliefs to violate his sense of historical justice about the state of Israel, or his socialist theories to distort the socialist and humanitarian realities of life in Israel. Furthermore there were his strong feelings about Jewishness and the Jewish people and the land they had transformed by hard labor; at least twice as a young man, once for a considerable period, Philip had lived in Palestine, seriously contemplating settling there. What decided him against *aliyah* was not political reasoning but his large ambitions in literature; Palestine and Hebrew were too small a stage to act on, he felt, for a serious reputation to be made in the field of literary criticism. Hence, America. But meanwhile he had learned more than a little Hebrew, had helped to place his mother in a retirement home there and had followed the country's progress closely. His ardor for the Israeli cause increased, rather than diminished, as time wore on. His attitude toward the 1967 victory was one of exultation for example, and he cheered at the TV newsreels like a young fan cheering on a favorite team's touchdown. (He was always a greater fan of wars than sports, armies than teams; military history and strategy was a serious pastime. This was the main reason why he enjoyed Solzhenitsyn's *1914*, for example.) He only wondered when the rise of anti-semitism would begin seriously in this country. And in the last year or two he said again and again that if he were starting over, it would be in Israel, not here.

America had become too corrupt culturally and politically, he tiraded, while most of the socialist countries, especially Russia and China, had betrayed the high ideals of the (Russian) revolution. In Israel, he felt, one could still see many socialist principles in operation—in the *kibbutzim* and *moshavs*, in state ownership of the land and the natural resources—without the sacrifice of life, limb, and liberty. For a man who had shunned determinedly most American Jews—the non-intellectual, the Hadassah or *shtetl* type—Philip took a great pride in the new Jew being created in Israel: strong, self-sufficient, un-

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL seeks new Secretary General for London-based International Secretariat.

Salary: £10,000
Closing date: July 31 1979
Appointment: April 1980

For details, please write to:
IEC
c/o Personnel Officer
Amnesty International
10 Southampton Street
London WC2E 7HF, England

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for booklet NR-1. It's free. Vantage Press, 516 West 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bashedly Jewish, even heroic. In exile rom himself and from his Jewishness, e possibly viewed that Israeli as unpoken alter-ego or condition of elfhood which he himself had missed ut on, but now, his Diaspora existence xhausted, he could aspire toward loud. Even more, perhaps, long for. ndeed at the end it was only Jewishness nd Israel that filled him with anything pproaching tender emotions—in this ase, longing and lament. His emotions t the end, shaky and volatile as they vere, nevertheless suggest strongly hat beneath the confirmed atheist and etermined rationalist there lay a soul onging for a final authority of peace and ustice, and that that authority, whether a God or not, could only be Jewish. Interesting that at the end, in his personal affairs of state, in money—which he prized dearly—the emotion that showed through was tribal emotion.

Alan Lelchuk

Alan Lelchuk is a writer-in-residence at Brandeis. He edited *Modern Occasions* from 1970-72 (with Philip Rahv), and is author, most recently, of *Shrinking* (Little, Brown).

A longer version of this essay appears in *Images and Ideas in American Culture: Essays in Memory of Philip Rahv* edited by Arthur Edelstein (Brandeis University Press).

The New Tyranny
by Robert Jungk

Grosset and Dunlop; $10)

American veterans of Three Mile Island nay suspect that they have little to learn rom a European who warns against uclear power. But many of us emember the sensation Robert Jungk reated in 1958 with *Brighter Than A Thousand Suns*, his vivid account of the naking of the atomic bomb. The same nan has now brought us *The New Tyranny*, a carefully researched and mpassioned warning against the social, nd especially the political, consequences of the nuclear enterprise.

Three Mile Island demonstrated that here are limits to the reliability both of nechanisms and of human beings, and hat this unreliability in the nuclear age xposes us to a unique set of physical nd psychic dangers. Drawing on Euroean experience with nuclear power, ungk describes some of these dangers. But his main target is not the biological ffects on production workers and area esidents from nuclear contamination. ungk's thesis is that:

nuclear energy demands that we be made safe from man himself—his mistakes, weaknesses, rages, his cunning and lust for power. Protect nuclear facilities from these foibles and passions and you run the risk of a regimented society that would appear tolerable only in contrast to the dangers it seeks to avoid.

Jungk has discovered that a series of adverse political effects follows from normal operation of nuclear plants. His data, drawn mainly from England, France, and Germany, tell us that the operators of nuclear facilities and the sponsoring governments have become increasingly sensitive to the special security problems involved in nuclear power. The plants themselves, if mishandled, produce accidents with uniquely dangerous results. And since the materials used in nuclear power production could also be used for nuclear weapons, they must be elaborately safeguarded lest they fall into unauthorized hands.

The European exposure to terrorist groups has made terrorist seizure of nuclear weapons material a much more realistic prospect than the American experience would indicate, while the elaborate security measures within and around nuclear facilities curtail individual liberties and weaken safeguards against authoritarian forms of government. Jungk goes so far as to warn that even the successful and highly reliable operation of nuclear power in Western Europe promises to inaugurate a totalitarian tyranny in the name of protecting nuclear plants.

Nuclear energy companies in the US are now investing heavily in security measures, all consistent with major studies prepared for the AEC and the Nuclear Regulatory Commission: the Rosenbaum Report (1964), the Barton Report (1975), and the Mitre Report (1977). These studies recommend intensified intelligence and physical safeguarding operations. Such operations require a growing network of investigators and security staffs who operate surveillance systems over nuclear employees and over possible dissident political groups, including those critical of nuclear power.

American utility companies—the Georgia Power Company, for example—have created professionally staffed and substantially funded security departments. Georgia Power's security budget of $750,000, for instance, compares with the budget of the Georgia State Police. The Pacific Gas and Electric Company has reportedly employed an investigative firm, Western Research, to perform break-ins and burglaries to obtain information on opponents of nuclear power in the area. The Washington-based Campaign for Political Rights has identified (*Organizing Notes*, April-May 1979) aggressively run intelligence operations in California, Georgia, Iowa, Michigan, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Pennsyl-

"Anyone who reads this book will see the need to change our agricultural policy. This is not a polemic —it's just the facts."
—Congressman James Weaver, announcing his sponsorship of a bill to establish a National Grain Board.

Merchants of Grain

by Dan Morgan

A landmark study of America's grain trade.

"First-rate: a brilliant and well-documented book."
—Senator Frank Church

$14.95

The Viking Press

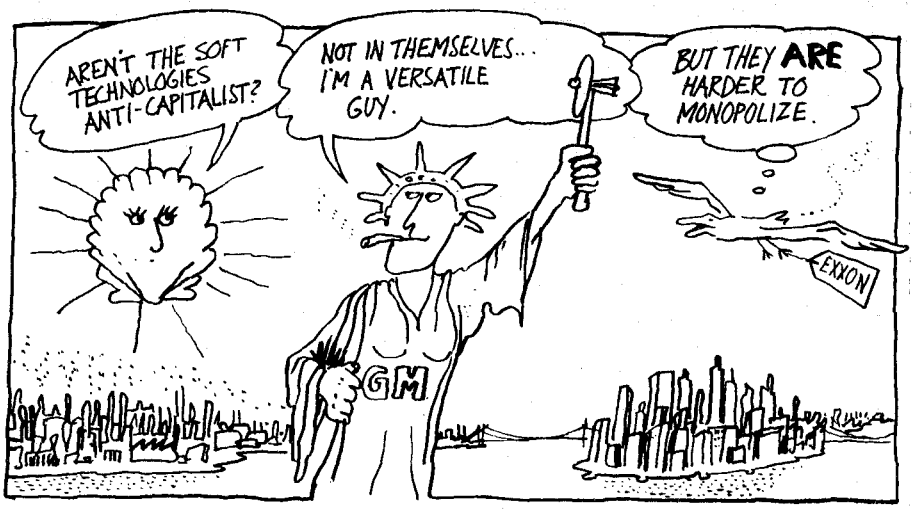
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vania, Texas, Utah, and Washington. In all of these states people who are sensitive to covert observation (spying) view this aggressive intelligence gathering as a violation of individual rights.

Robert Jungk also warns us about the international dangers of nuclear power. The German government, he notes, has encouraged arrangements for the sale of nuclear plants, including reprocessing facilities, to Brazil. He also calls attention to the prominent position of former Nazis as nuclear power plant managers in Germany and Brazil. One recalls the arrangements made in the famous Rapallo Agreements of 1922, whose secret clauses enabled the German Reichswehr to train secret military formations in the use of prohibited weapons—all on Soviet soil. Jungk poses a crucial question. Is the German nuclear arrangement with Brazil designed to enable payment for the German equipment and know-how "in kind," that is, payment in nuclear warheads?

Surrounding Jungk's analyses of the domestic and international dangers of nuclear power is this central issue: is nuclear power indispensable for assuring reliable energy sources in the United States? On balance the evidence weighs strongly against such an assumption. From careful studies of US energy consumption, compared with the pattern of the technically sophisticated Swedish economy, we know that Sweden operates with 60 percent of the US per capita energy requirement. Hence, if the United States did nothing more imaginative than copy the existing Swedish practice, a massive saving in energy would take place here. Furthermore, an elaborate array of alternative energy sources is technically available to us. The engineering literature of the last years is laden with new ideas and designs for competent energy conversion systems. The main barriers to conversion from energy using and energy producing toward reliance on renewable sources lie in the realms of economics and politics—not in technology per se.

Here are two illustrations of the economic-institutional problems involved with major changes in US energy supply. First: in New York City 30 percent of the natural gas for cooking is used up by pilot lights on gas ranges. Closing pilot lights would conserve a nonrenewable natural gas. But it would also cut the revenues of the Consolidated Edison Company—whose variable costs for gas would drop, but whose fixed costs for plant would remain. Who should pay for the resulting higher fixed costs per unit of energy sold?

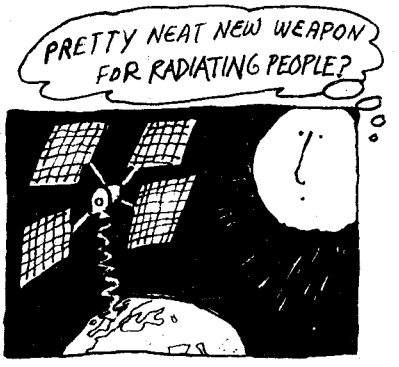

AREN'T THE SOFT TECHNOLOGIES ANTI-CAPITALIST?
NOT IN THEMSELVES... I'M A VERSATILE GUY.
BUT THEY ARE HARDER TO MONOPOLIZE.
EXXON
GM

Changing over to the naturally-distributed energy sources is ecologically essential. But they can be developed in different ways...

THE MALIGNANT WAY
To prop up the centralized and authoritarian structures of our existing industrial society...

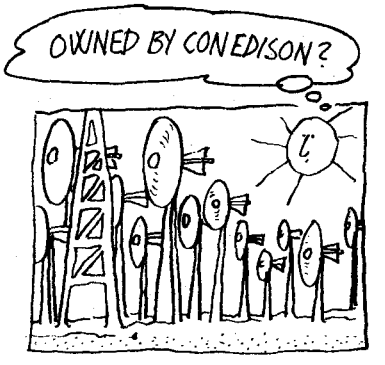
FOR EXAMPLE THERE ARE PLANS AFOOT FOR:

A vast solar power station in orbit beaming energy to Earth by microwave...



THE BENEVOLENT WAY
To promote the decentralization of political and economic power, redistribution of wealth and the liberation of the individual...

A gigantic battery of 300,000 wind turbines on the American Great Plains...



The Anti-Nuclear Handbook
by Stephen Croall and Kaianders

(Pantheon; $2.95)

Written for those who already distrust nuclear power, this cartoon-format booklet describes the chilling history of mishaps and potential risks in the course of nuclear development—from radiation leaks and explosions to terrorism and the emergence of a police state. The book is far from comprehensive, but it is provocative—not to say inflammatory—enough to inspire one to more serious reading.

Coming:

Christopher Lasch on B.F. Skinner.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Second: if construction of new nuclear wer plants is stopped in the interest of ernative energy technology, who ould be responsible for the $50 billion eady invested in 88 uncompleted clear plants? Is private ownership and ntrol of the energy industry compati- with strategies for new conservation d energy production technologies? Robert Jungk's diagnosis and indictment of the nuclear enterprise have given us a powerful reason to examine the technological alternatives for energy production and use: they can serve the preservation of freedom in society.

Seymour Melman

Seymour Melman is professor of industrial engineering at Columbia University.

he Politics of War: he Story of the Two Wars Which Altered Forever ie Political Life of the American Republic (1890-1920) y Walter Karp

Harper & Row; $15)

Valter Karp begins by damning merican historians for failing to make ubstantial connections" between omestic and foreign policy. He then odestly promises to rectify that gross ersight by telling "the story of the last eat popular struggle in America to aintain a genuinely free republic—and republic free of oligarchy, monopoly, id private power—and the defeat and nal obliteration of that struggle in two oreign wars."

That rhetoric will surely provoke a uckle among all the historians who for ie last 30 years have been exploring the onnections between domestic and oreign policy. Being more aware of that holarship than he allows in his notes id bibliography, Karp tries to duck off y exempting "ideological, Marxist istory" from his hell-fire sermon.

Feeble stuff. There are many, many, any books that link domestic and oreign policy without exhibiting the ightest evidence that they are deological, Marxist." We might begin ith the Adams family: John Quincy, enry, and Brooks (Karp quotes them ow and again). Then at random read rederick Jackson Turner, Charles A. eard, C. Hartley Grattan, Adolf A. erle, Charles Tansill, Albert K. einberg, Walter Millis, Parker Moon, arley Notter, William Diamond, Carl otus Becker, Walter Lippmann, and ichard Van Alstyne. If they are deological, Marxist," then George ost Kennan is a Muslim. And Henry issinger is a closet Bolshevik.

Karp wants to persuade us that our empire is the result of a small number of politicians using foreign adventures to retain power and to divert the public from domestic matters. Nobody will deny that politicians have from time to time manipulated foreign affairs to distract the citizenry from other issues; but Karp is wrong in thinking that it started in the 1890s and mistaken in treating it as simply politics.

The kernel of truth inside that hoary cliché has been developed by thoughtful scholars like Hans-Ulrich Wehler and Thomas McCormick into a sophisticated analysis known as the social interpretation of imperialism. But Karp is simpler than this. One side of his analysis stresses self-contained politics; the other is crude psychologizing.

On Cleveland: he "revealed to the nation's political leaders that the American people could indeed be diverted from their domestic concerns if the right sort of foreign crusade was offered"; and "in the aftermath of the 1894 elections Cleveland was prepared to sacrifice the scruples of a lifetime and foment a war crisis with England."

On McKinley: his expansionism was motivated by the conviction that "it was the only way to supplant the republican spirit with the spirit of nationalism, to replace love of liberty with love of the flag"; and "on every count McKinley intended to betray both his followers and his pledges."

On Wilson: an active foreign policy would "protect American democracy itself from the ignorant masses"; Wilson "and the war party were determined to corrupt the entire body of the American people"; and he returned from Paris in 1919 "mentally unhinged, morally bankrupt, and politically weak."

There is much, much more of the same. Some of it is so far off the mark as to be hilarious. A few examples.

Karp: "Until 1890 the American electorate had been, for a generation, a predictable and readily managed body of voters." The record: Lincoln was a minority president in 1860, and his popular majority in 1864 was only 400,000; Grant claimed only 306,000 more than Horatio Seymour in 1868; the Hayes-Tilden donnybrook is classic; Garfield defeated Hancock (Hancock?!) by a mere 7018 votes; the agrarian protest of the mid-1880s gave Cleveland a "readily managed" victory over Blaine by 62,683 votes; and Harrison walked into the White House having lost the popular vote by 5713 ballots.

Karp: the Republicans began, after the election of 1890, to push the Navy. The record: as clearly summarized by Walter LaFeber in a book cited by Karp, the Republicans began the construction of a modern navy in 1881, and Cleveland supported the program from 1885 to 1889.

Karp: the Republicans in 1896 "were prepared to abandon entirely the Populist-tinged prairie states." The record: McKinley and Hanna worked extremely hard, stressing the reciprocal trade strategy that Karp fails to mention, to hold the midwest farm states. And they won in North Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Indiana, and Illinois.

Enough.

Karp is seriously weak, if not flat wrong, on four basic issues.

1. The question of popular support for expansion. It is not, as Karp argues, simply a matter of the missionary societies giving money for foreign operations as well as spouting imperial rhetoric; it is the constant pressure from the Populists and other reformers after the great export boom of the late 1870s to go abroad to destroy monsters *and* to penetrate markets. Karp's chapter on the domestic reform activities between 1901 and 1916 is remarkable for its total neglect of the public support—even enthusiasm—for an imperial and interventionist foreign policy. Scratch any random Progressive and you get both that bloody readiness to reform anybody, anywhere in the world, in the image of American capitalism, and a concern with markets and raw materials.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2. Karp asserts that there was no imperial doctrine behind the expansion: "A full-out imperial creed, the candid laudation of empire, played an insignificant role in the propaganda for an American empire." That quirky judgment blithely ignores the sustained output of Josiah Strong, Alfred Thayer Mahan, and Brooks Adams; the catalytic roles of William Henry Seward and Frederick Jackson Turner; and the overproduction of imperial arguments by businessmen like James Conant. There was in truth a massive body of literature—in private correspondence as well as in articles, lectures, political debates, sermons, and books—that articulated a coherent argument for imperial expansion. Much of it involved China, which Karp hardly mentions.

3. Karp never defines his "genuinely free republic" beyond asserting that it would be "free of oligarchy, monopoly, and private power." This comes very close to being nothing more than nostalgia for a mythically pure Smithian marketplace. Karp does not tell us where or when he would locate such a happy state of affairs in reality; but one has to go ga-ga to romanticize even Jefferson or Jackson to that extent (remember Tom and the blacks, and Andy and the First Americans)—and both were leaders of an oligarchy and possessed extensive "private power."

4. Karp concludes that, after Wilson, "never again would the citizenry of this Republic [how can it still be a Republic?] enter the political arena determined to overthrow oligarchy, . . . to extirpate private power and eliminate special privilege."

That is nonsense. Consider only the following examples:

a. A very great deal of New Deal reform legislation was generated from below rather than from within the Brain Trust.

b. The pre-Pearl Harbor agitation against intervention in World War II was clearly popular.

c. The civil rights movement was hardly elitist.

d. The agitation against the war in Vietnam ultimately involved millions of citizens.

If you are seriously interested in the attitudes and practicalities appropriate to the creation of a true republic in our time, I suggest that you spend your money and thought on *Good Work* by E. F. Schumacher (also published by Harper & Row at roughly half the cost).

William Appleman Williams

William Appleman Williams is president-elect of the Organization of American Historians. He has recently published *Americans In a Changing World* (Harper & Row).

The Vicar of Christ
by Walter F. Murphy

(Macmillan; $12.95)

The Year of the Three Popes
by Peter Hebblethwaite

(Collins; $9.95)

The Making of the Popes 1978: The Politics of Intrigue in the Vatican
by Andrew M. Greeley

(Andrews and McMeel; $12.95)

Popes are so fictive anyway, they are hard to put into fiction (though mystery stories have made them a staple in recent years). One cannot lift into literary symbol what is made of symbol to begin with. What we get is the wooden piety of Morris West or the wooden villainy of Rolf Hochhuth. The best literary pope I can remember Browning's Innocent XII in *The Ring an the Book*, a man who dooms another whil knowing he may be wrong.

The course novelists take t "humanize" a pope reminds me c stories from my Catholic schoolbo days—how this or that priest wa assured a pro baseball or footba contract. It seemed, from those storie that the seminaries had strippe American sports of all its greate heroes. Walter F. Murphy, a graduate c Notre Dame, follows this beaten pat when he puts a sexy and liberal Stephe Rojack on the throne of Peter. Decla Walsh is (seriatim) a hero in two wa (World War II and Korea), a successfi lawyer, a Supreme Court justice, and Trappist monk, who takes his e mistress with him to be his secretary i Rome after his improbable election t the papacy.

Telling the story of a sinner is har enough—Dostoevsky managed it b showing us Stavrogin mainly throug the puzzlement of others, who talk c him endlessly. Murphy seems to thin the same technique will do for an eve harder task—the story of saint in th making. The narrative is made up of tap transcripts from four witnesses—nameless biographer interviewing th other three, a wartime "sidekick" wh follows Walsh through his variou careers (though he dutifully disappear for the monastery interlude), a fuss conservative colleague on the Suprem Court (whose belief that "traumae" i the plural of trauma is probably the faul of the Notre Dame classics department and an Italian diplomat (whose in surance company lets him take a Fr Angelico over the ocean to hang in hi Watergate apartment). All speak dialect that is tiresome, and the Suprem Court justice is burdened with a endless lecture on the Court's working the Bakke issue, and abortion decision He is obviously meant as a kind c Stepan Verkhovensky, but Verk hovensky is a fool we learn finally t love. Murphy's Bradley Walker is a foc not even worth making fun of.

But the main problem is Wals himself. He is tortured by two deaths h caused through his ambition—of friend in Korea, and of his wife. Tha leads him to the monastery, but not t much theological introspection. He win the papacy for making the Court outlav abortion (on the silliest of grounds, tha if a corporation can be called a lega person, then so should a fetus). In offic as pope, he begins calling for peace–

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

n activity often indulged, though ecklessly, by recent popes. For some eason, Walsh's platitudes scare various nnamed conspirators, who shoot the ıan in St. Peter's Square so he can have 1940s movie vision of his dead war uddy welcoming him into heaven. God nows it is hard enough to take the apacy seriously. But it has not become s ridiculous as Murphy makes it.

Nor as unworldly as Hebblethwaite ıakes it, either. The elections of John aul I and II have been knowledgeably ealt with by Hebblethwaite and ireeley. The first is an ex-Jesuit, but ious to a fault; Greeley, though still in ıe ministry, is cheeky to a fault. But the ıstitution needs Greeley's iconoclasm ıore than Hebblethwaite's iconolatry. he books complement each other, since ne offers narrow accuracy, the other enturesome surmise; but anyone who kes one is unlikely to be interested by ıe other. Hebblethwaite offers us a ıodern liberal theology of the church nd papacy—the kind those still in-rested are likely to know before eading his book.

My own vote is for Greeley, who ımbles, tells bad jokes, blows his own horn, indulges in guess and gossip. He pretends to know what he obviously doesn't (e.g. what cardinals were thinking in their sequestration). We have to rely on his unnamed informers for the count of votes in both conclaves. But he brings to papal politics the skills and interests of a sociologist who studies voter behavior through computer models. He knows there is hard bargaining behind the hocus pocus, and he thinks the papacy needs a kind of demythologizing for its own good. I'm not sure John Paul II would disagree with him. The papacy will probably have to mean less, in terms of conventional piety, before it can mean more again. Browning's Pope Innocent grows by a confession of his limits. The papacy is more endangered by Murphy's myths and Hebblethwaite's piety than by Greeley's "new journalism," which shows just enough good sense to redeem its bad taste.

Garry Wills

Garry Wills is the author of *Inventing America: Jefferson's Declaration of Independence* (Doubleday), among other books.

reud and the Problem of God
y Hans Küng
ranslated by Edward Quinn

Yale University Press; $8.95)

his book reminds me of those in-reasingly frequent opera recordings hat look sensational on paper but turn ut to be duds on vinyl: two well-known tars and a young conductor of promise, et a final product that is considerably ess than the sum of its parts. Freud and od, presumably, need no introduction. Hans Küng, now just past 50 (still young or a conductor), is considered by many he foremost Roman Catholic theo-ogian in the world. Moreover, the ecording company in question has an xcellent reputation in this repertoire: he present volume consists of the Terry ectures delivered by Küng at Yale last ear, and its predecessors, all published y the Yale University Press, include arl Jung's *Psychology and Religion* (1938), rich Fromm's *Psychoanalysis and Religion* (1950), and, most famously, Paul Tillich's *The Courage To Be* (1952).

The opera recordings usually fall flat because the participants haven't grown into their roles, or have undertaken roles inappropriate to their talents. In the June issue of *High Fidelity* magazine, Conrad L. Osborne has published a masterful critique of the most recent such abortion: the recording of *Cavalleria rusticana* and *I Pagliacci* featuring Luciano Pavarotti. Osborne's contention is outrageously funny: the performance, he insists, simply doesn't exist, though he concedes that the records contain sounds superficially similar to those one hears in a real performance. I had the same reaction to *Freud and the Problem of God:* the author—clearly a man of great intelligence—appears out of his element, and the sounds he emits are either tentative, familiar, or (more interestingly) just plain wrong. I won't go so far as to say that the performance doesn't exist, but, considering the material, it is surprisingly pallid.

Admittedly, I was looking forward to a real knock-down drag-out. Freud, after all, said some unkind things about God, and I expected Küng to revenge his client with comparable élan. But nothing of the sort. His attitude toward Freud ranges from respectful to adulatory. "Freud," he writes, "is one of the great moralists of mankind." He even seems to take the scientific claims of psychoanalysis at face value. Indeed, he is clearly more eager to defend psychoanalysis—and rationalism—from its religious critics than he is to identify its errors. Given the choice, he prefers Freud and his crowd to the likes of Pascal, Kierkegaard, and Barth. Having been there once myself, I understand Küng's problem entirely: he is a believing Catholic, but he also wants to maintain his intellectual respectability in the modern world. As a result, an ecumenical fog hangs over his whole enterprise.

Much of the book is simply a summary of Freud's ideas, or those of related thinkers such as Jung, Adler, Fromm, and Erikson. The summary, moreover, is quite out of date. It repeats many notions about Freud's career that have been proven false, such as that he was ostracized by the Viennese medical establishment. Almost a decade ago, in *The Discovery of the Unconscious,* Henri Ellenberger deflated this and other psychoanalytic myths. Küng could not, however, have anticipated that his book would appear just months in advance of an even more radical demystification of the psychoanalytic legend, Frank J. Sulloway's *Freud: Biologist of the Mind,* announced by Basic Books for this fall. Nevertheless, the scholarship of the book is disappointing, to say the least.

Nor is Küng a particularly insightful reader of Freud's religious writings. The two he deals with most thoroughly are *Totem and Taboo* (1913) and *The Future of an Illusion* (1927), the former containing Freud's theory of the Primal Crime, the latter his notion that religion—or, more precisely, the idea of God—is the projection of a childhood fantasy. Küng, however, overlooks the most fundamental psychological difference between these two theories: namely that the God of *Totem and Taboo* is a projection of the father as seen by the child in the midst of the Oedipal crises—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thus a God toward whom the believer feels deep ambivalence—while the God of *The Future of an Illusion* is a projection of the pre-Oedipal father, and therefore unambivalently adored.

Küng's "critique" of these theories is at once unobjectionable and unremarkable: merely because belief in God has psychological roots, he argues, it does not follow that God doesn't exist. Freud's atheism, therefore, is *"a hypothesis which has not been conclusively proved."* As Küng notes, Freud conceded this fact himself. Indeed he disclaimed all qualification to speak about the existence of God as a metaphysical or religious question. Yet save for the tentative suggestion that Freud may have suffered from "repressed religiosity," Küng rests his case against psychoanalysis on this banal and uncontested logical distinction.

Only one idea in Küng's book struck me as novel, and I suspect that it is incorrect. He suggests that Freud's atheism was an updated, psychologized version of the atheism of Ludwig Feuerbach, the Young Hegelian whose *Essence of Christianity* (1841) was among the most famous historical attacks on Christianity. There is indeed a remarkable structural similarity between Feuerbach's argument and Freud's: like Freud, Feuerbach contended that God was a projection of man—to be precise, that He was a projection of human potentiality. Küng seems to believe that the Feuerbach-Freud connection is a matter of actual intellectual influence: "the dependence on Feuerbach is obvious."

Two objections occur immediately. First, in his published writings Freud never once mentioned Feuerbach, and I see no reason to assume that he had read Feuerbach's book. In *The Future of an Illusion* his intellectual acknowledgements are unspecific in the extreme, leading one to suspect that his atheism was not a product of book-learning:

> *I have said nothing which other and better men have not said before me in a much more complete, forcible and impressive manner. Their names are well known, and I shall not cite them, for I should not like to give an impression that I am seeking to rank myself as one of them.*

More importantly, the psychological moods of Feuerbach's and Freud's arguments differ markedly. Feuerbach's atheism is ebullient: in the revolutionary spirit of the 1840s he became convinced that the denial of God promised the fulfillment of man, since human misery derived primarily from man's failure to realize his potential on earth, while projecting the good within himself into a heavenly abstraction. Freud's atheism, by way of contrast, is disenchanted. The point of *The Future of an Illusion* is that man must forgo his childish dream of finding ultimate purpose in life. Atheism means reconciling oneself to the reality of "common unhappiness." Above all, it means accepting the burden of psychological adulthood.

Küng understands Freud in precisely this sense, and having noted that Freud's conclusion is not a logical inevitability, he ends, somewhat pathetically, by asking permission to believe:

> *Perhaps this being of our longings and dreams does actually exist. Perhaps this being who promises us eternal bliss does exist. Not only the bliss of the baby at its mother's breast—which, according to Freud, permanently determines a person's unconscious—but a quite different reality in the future which corresponds to the unconscious and conscious aspirations precisely of the mature, adult human being and to which the oldest, strongest, most urgent wishes of mankind are oriented, which can fulfill our longing for infinite happiness. Perhaps. Who knows?*

This passage says more about the current disarray of Christianity tha about the shortcomings of Freud religious criticism. In one respect it gratifying to see Küng come und Freud's powerful intellectual and mor sway. Freud is the greatest figure of ou century, and Küng's generous respon testifies to an attractive ope mindedness. At the same time, one car help feeling that traditional fai deserves a more vigorous defense.

Paul Robinso

Paul Robinson is the author of *The Freudi Left* (Harper & Row) and teaches Stanford.

Leon Edel
Justin Kaplan
Alfred Kazin
Doris Kearns
Theodore Rosengarten
Barbara Tuchman
Geoffrey Wolff

Telling Lives THE BIOGRAPHER'S ART
Edited by Marc Pachter

New Republic Books
1220 19th St., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

Brief Reviews

When Memory Comes by Saul Friedländer

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $9.95)

Born in Prague "at the worst possib moment, four months before Hitl came to power," Saul Friedländ remembers rumblings of the comir catastrophe: the sound, for example, Hitler's satanic voice purling from th radio ". . . ein hundertsiebentausen ein hundertsiebenunddreissigtausen und heute zweihundertvierzehntai send. . . . The repetition of the wo tausend sounding like the panting some monstrous locomotive." But mo of his memories from these years a pleasant, even, in light of what was come, Edenic. One memory in pa ticular, the taste of a Prague delicac chocolate balls filled with whipp cream, captures all the vanished joy his early childhood.

The fall into history came in 19 when the Germans occupied Czec oslovakia. The Friedländers, prosperou Jews, fled to France. When France turn was overrun, they took th desperate step of enrolling their on child in a strict Catholic school, where was baptized "Paul-Henri Ferland," ar where he soon became a devoted litt Pétainiste. They, meanwhile, tried escape to Switzerland but were caug and sent back to a detention cam before the inevitable train to German There they disappeared.

Their son grew up a Catholic Occupied France but became a Zioni soon after the war, when a Cathol

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

iest—ironic source!—told him about uschwitz. He left for Israel in 1948. He as 15, the youngest of the 900 illegal nigrés aboard his ship.

In Israel he changed his name from ul to the historically resonant Saul, id became an historian of the olocaust, the author of an angry book, *us XII and The Third Reich*, about the atholic Church's crime of silence. here is very little anger in this memoir; is a tender elegy which moves from the raeli present to the European past, om fear to memory, in a mosaic of oustian images. Written in the onths leading up to President Sadat's sit to Jerusalem, *When Memory Comes* ds on a note of anxious hope. Born at e worst possible moment in Jewish story, Saul Friedländer has lived on to one of the best.

J.B.

ödel, Escher, Bach: n Eternal Golden Braid y Douglas Hofstadter

asic Books; $18.50)

cording to Douglas Hofstadter there a grand scheme to things: reality is a stem of interconnecting and interrelating "braids" that are endlessly lding in upon each other. This trange Loop phenomenon," Hofadter states, "occurs whenever, by oving upwards (or downwards) rough the levels of some hierarchical stem, we unexpectedly find ourselves ght back where we started." He relates is specifically to the study of the mind id the mirror image factor that seems be inherent in any systematic expreson of that mind, whether in language, athematics, music, art, or philosophy. nce the mind can never "step outside self," the results of thinking about inking always involve self-referential atements that flow back to their urce, the mind itself.

A counterpart to this phenomenon, in mber theory, was discovered by the ustrian mathematician Gödel, in 1931. ödel's Incompletedness Theorem was self-referential statement about mbers that demonstrated the extence of a loop in any axiomatic stem. Hofstadter takes this theorem th as inspiration and as the thematic thread from which he fashions his "braid."

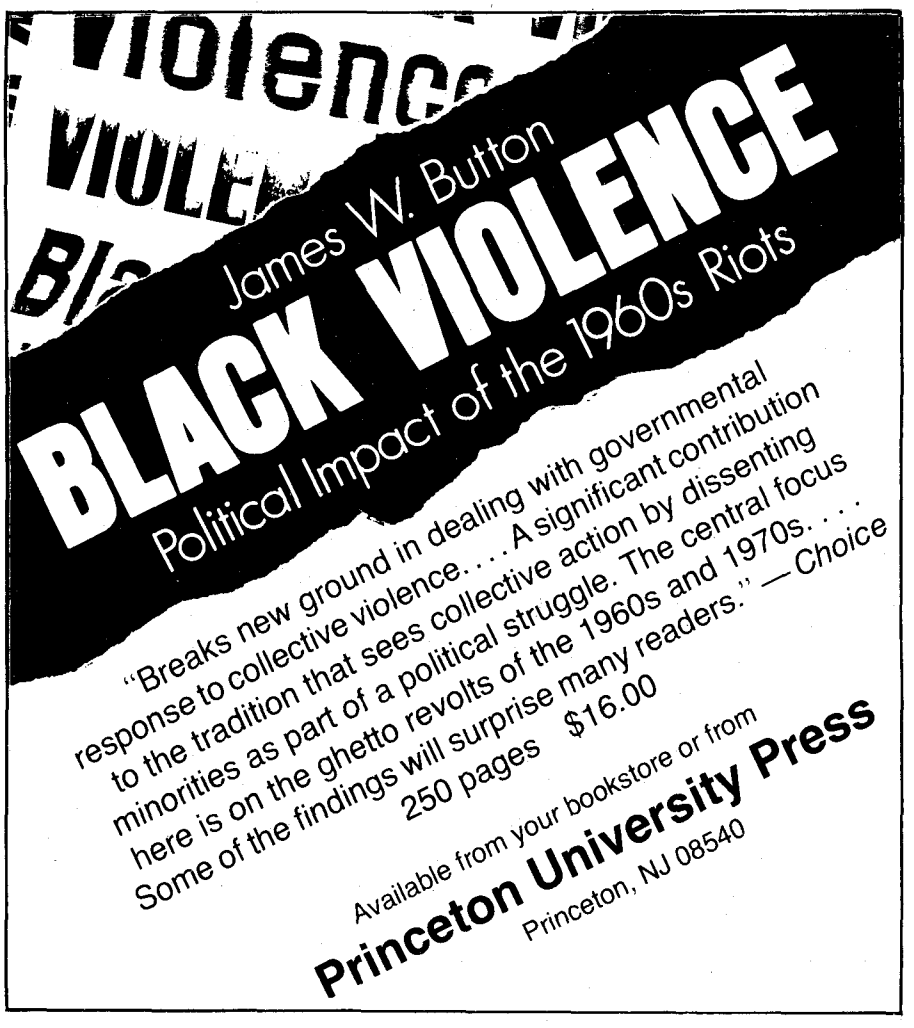
"I began, intending to write an essay at the core of which would be Gödel's Theorem. I imagined that it would be a mere pamphlet," Hofstadter writes. His "inspiration" expanded to include the canonic music of Bach and the illusionary prints of M. C. Escher. They became his "protagonists"; their works, illustrations of his speculations about the nature of the mind.

The book has an internal hierarchy of its own. Each chapter is prefaced by a dialogue. These dialogues (taken from Zeno, by way of Lewis Carroll) are witty, playful exchanges that metaphorically describe the subjects treated in the chapters. The chapters then go on to elaborate the dialogues with historical and scientific concepts. These in turn are reinforced by a series of mind games, prints, and musical examples. Like the constantly ascending and descending staircases of Escher and the self-regenerating musical structures of Bach, the chapters are interrelated and the ideas begin to refer back to themselves and are superimposed on each other, creating what Hofstadter in his subtitle calls, "a metaphorical fugue on minds and machines." The book is thus a sort of strange loop about strange loops!

Hofstadter is a computer scientist and his book reflects his intellectual leanings. Yet he is also something of an artist. Behind the mathematical formulas and the nifty computer symbols there is a tinge of madness—the inspired madness of a poet. He writes, near the end of the book, that the works of Gödel, Escher, and Bach represent "an intellectual construction which reminds me, in ways I cannot express, of the beautiful multi-voiced fugue of the human mind."

The most compelling evocation of the mind, however, is not in the calculations, concepts, and systems that are presented, but in the humanness that pervades Hofstadter's writing. Discussing the possibility that computers might one day "create" music, he states that such a notion is

> *. . . a grotesque and shameful misestimation of the depth of the human spirit. A 'program' which could produce music as they [Chopin, Bach] did would have to wander around the world on its own, fighting its way through the maze of life and feeling every moment of it. . . . Part and parcel of it would have to be a*


James W. Button
BLACK VIOLENCE
Political Impact of the 1960s Riots
"Breaks new ground in dealing with governmental response to collective violence. . . . A significant contribution to the tradition that sees collective action by dissenting minorities as part of a political struggle. The central focus here is on the ghetto revolts of the 1960s and 1970s. . . . Some of the findings will surprise many readers." — Choice
250 pages $16.00
Available from your bookstore or from
Princeton University Press
Princeton, NJ 08540

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sense of grace, humor, rhythm, a sense of the unexpected—and of course an exquisite awareness of the magic of fresh creation. . . .

That magic is the real thread of Hofstadter's eternal golden braid.

Harry Sumrall

Harry Sumrall is a composer and freelance music critic for the *Washington Post* and other papers.

Correspondence, *from page 5*

The American commitment to all-out competition may be the culprit, a commitment seriously in need of rethinking. It is not economical, but wasteful and dangerous.

Frederick C. Thayer
University of Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

TOO BUSY TO BE CREATIVE?
Read BASIC COMPONENTS OF CREATIVITY by F. Lichtgarn—a provocative illustrated study compiled from over 10 million words and distilled down to pocket-book size. $5.95 postpaid. AIM Publications, Dept. NRC, 10310 Menhart Lane, Cupertino, CA 95014

TECHNOCRACY-TECHNOLOGICAL SOCI/ DESIGN available for one dollar fro Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarte Savannah, Ohio 44874.

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Befo Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurst Road, Rochester, New York 14619.

The New Republic Classified

THE NEW REPUBLIC CLASSIFIED IS A WEEKLY FEATURE. Ads are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates: one time ad $1/word, six ads per year. $.95/word, 12 ads per year $.90/word, 24 times per year $.85/word, 48 times per year $.80/word. Telephone numbers count as 2 words. P.O. numbers and abbreviations count as one word. Zone numbers and zip codes are not counted. Additional $4.50 for TNR box numbers. Classified display ads are $30/inch. Bold headline, signature and inset available. Complete rate card upon request. Send your check/money order with your copy, or give us your Visa/MasterCharge # and we'll charge it to your account. Copy must be received 19 days prior to the Saturday issue date. Phone orders accepted with MasterCharge/Visa only. Send copy or call collect: Carol Weinman, The New Republic Magazine, 1220 19th St., N.W., Washington, DC 20036. (202) 331-7494.

Personals

MADISON WISCONSIN AREA gentleman, professional, 40's, well-read, active, wishes to marry and have children. Seeks refined, attractive, cultured active lady in 30's. Please reply in some detail and include photo. TNR Box # 9245

CHICAGO PHILOSOPHER/SCIENTIST seeks companionship with mature, intellectual, humanistic, literate, physically active, slender woman. TNR Box #9240

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS get the cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania 19081. Established 1970.

DATES GALORE! Meet singles-anywhere. Call DATELINE, toll-free (800) 451-3245.

GAY? Meet intelligent, interesting people. Quick-Confidential-Legitimate. Steve (212) 232-5500. Nationwide.

JAPANESE GIRLS make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental Beauty. $2 brings photos, descriptions, application. Japan International, Box 156-NR, Carnelian Bay, CA 95711.

Et cetera

NUCLEAR ENERGY BOMBS OUT
NOW A SAFE, HEALTHY, NON-DEPLETABLE ALTERNATIVE TO OIL AND NUCLEAR ENERGY! **"GEYSER-POWER"** is the world's solution to the ubiquitous energy crisis. Hot Springs have served Man therapeutically for years. By harnessing this same natural heat, Man can provide electricity. The Geyers Field, north of San Francisco, can provide enough energy to activate the entire city with electricity. If you want to end the energy crises, and are ready to learn abuut the earth's natural solution. . . . YOU CAN START NOW. Send $5.00 for a sample issue of The Geyser Newsletter, P.O. Box 1738, Dept. NR-I Santa Monica, Ca 90406.

ET CETERA NOVEL ICE CREAM dessert surprise plus one other luscious cookie treat. $1.00. Babe Rapper, 9649 Kedvale Ave., Skokie, Illinois 60076

Help!!!

I'm trying to build a small homestead in Franklin, W. Va., on a *very* limited budget, using stone, used building materials, anything. If you have an old barn, shed, fence, pile of wood, or logs you would like to get rid of, I will tear it down and/or haul it away free. Wash., Md., Va. area to Franklin, W. Va. Reply to: Kenneth Grady, c/o New Republic Books, 1220 19th St., Suite 205, Wash., D.C. 20036

Literature

BE SURE TO READ THIS BOOK "HOW TO STAY ALIVE AND HEALTHY WITH DIABETES, AND HOW TO AVOID GETTING IT" Don't be one of the 600,000 new diabetics added each year to the 12 million who now have it in the U.S. This book solves the problems other books only talk about. This author is, and has been a complete diabetic for 51 years with NO CARDIOVASCULAR DAMAGE or DIABETIC COMPLICATIONS. Today, at 72 he remains in good health, and reveals the details of his regimen and method of control-using only natural, available antidotes. He also relates the interesting and colorful life he has led. Hard cover. Postpaid $7.95 from Glorudy Publishing Company, Box 1266, Okeechobee, Fla. 33472. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

OVER DRINKERS—Literate folks with a drinking problem may find hope with ALKAFRIENDS, an interesting monthly magazine. Sample copy $1.00, L. D. Foster, PO Box 747, Marquette, Michigan 49885

FROM THE AUTHOR OF *Women, Sex and Race,* a new book, *Sexual, Racial and Political Faces of Corruption,* by Bernard Braxton. With many accounts, from sexual exploitation and incest of Pope Alexander VI, sexism and racism in churches, to rape, office sex harrassment, sexual exploitation in the US Congress and government departments; 280 pages; clothbound $8.95, paperback $3.45. Postpaid from Verta Press, 15 Randolph Place, NW, Washington DC 20001.

Literary Services

PUBLISHING OPTIONS—We invented thei Comprehensive book publishing/production se vices for authors and organizations. Fr manuscript report. Inquiries invited. Dorrance Company, Dept. BK, Ardmore, PA 19003.

OUTSTANDING
WRITER/EDITOR/RESEARCHER Social polic psychology, education, arts. Full or part-time. Fa rates, prompt service. (202) 797-7935.

ATTENTION: AUTOBIOGRAPHY WRITER How to Write your Autobiography. Manu Available Now. Send $5.95 Royal Press, Box 94 Rockville, Md. 20851.

TRY OUR INTRODUCTORY "3 for 2" offer response nearly triples with multiple insertior TNR Classifieds work!

STILL LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free searc service. Please write Peter Sperling Books, Dep R, 207, E. 21st St., NYC, NY 10010

PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS. Over 4,0 bargain books, all subjects. Free catalc Hamilton 98-71 Clapboard, Danbury, Ct. 06810

WRITERS: "PROBLEM" MANUSCRIPT? T AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52 Street, New York City 10022.

Employment Opportunities

MATHEMATICS AND SCIENCE TEACHERS ar other school faculty needed for position elementary and secondary independent schoc throughout the U.S. Register with R.M. Sandoe Associates by calling (toll free) 800-225-7986 617-262-5380 from Massachusetts.

The New Republic seeks a managing edit Duties include all aspects of editing from assig ing articles through copy editing to supervisi production. The most important qualifications a a sympathetic political outlook, good story sen and copy editing skills. Please send letter a resume to Michael Kinsley, *TNR,* 1220 19th S NW, Washington, DC 20036.

VOLUNTEER PEACE CORPS/VISTA
Challenge, Growth, Renewed Sense of Purpos That's what you'll experience as a Peace Corps VISTA volunteer. Projects in U.S., Latin Americ Africa, Asia, and the Pacific for one—and two year commitments. Your expenses paid; singles couples. Information: Linda Friedman, Pea Corps/VISTA, P-31, Washington, D.C. 20525 Equal Opportunity Program.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ESUMES—Complete instructions examples: $4, nsultants, Box 567—HH, Bergenfield, New rsey 07621.

esources

ERAPIES AND HEALING SYSTEMS GUIDE. haustive new catalogue of conventional and n-conventional helping techniques—from ychoanalysis and yoga, through accupressure d preventive nutrition, to psychic surgery and lor therapy. Over 125 entries include brief scriptions and sources for additional informa- n. Send $3.50 per catalogue to Therapy sources, P.O. Box 4272, Seattle, Washington 104.

nstruction

chelors, masters, doctorates. Legal, inexpen- e, fast. Free details. Dr. John Bear, 2150 anklin Street, Dept. 65847, Oakland, California 512.

ames

RIDGE PLAYERS—Finally a two-player bridge me in which you feel you're really playing dge. Free information, no obligation. Write Duo idge, Box 231, Merrick, N.Y. 11566

uttons/ umperstickers

ANTI-NUCLEAR ORGANIZATIONS! ality T-shirts, bumperstickers, buttons, etc., in ock for fund raising. CUSTOM ALSO. Send SE for list. Larry Fox, Box M-4, Valley Stream, w York 11582. (516) 791-7929.

UMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS. Low st, custom made advertising for your Business ecial Event, Organization or Political Cam- ign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE. ease state intended use for appropriate samples. rite for FREE Brochure, Price List and Samples. EFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC. Dept. NR, 8551 ge Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114. Phone 14) 423-5495.

roperty Sale/Rent

ABBATICAL? Rent/Exchange housing rldwide. LOAN-A-HOME, 18N Darwood Place. t. Vernon, New York 10533

OOPERATIVE COMMUNITY 7 families. Private mesites. Commons. Scenic southeast Ohio, ear university. Seek members with basic skills for anned Appropriate Technology School. Write ruce Sabell, Sunflower Farm, Rt. 1, Amesville, hio 45711.

ROPERTY SALE/RENT FOUR ACRES, mature es, two houses, U.S. Hwy 34 frontage. One ndred miles N.W. Denver. Between Shadow tn. and Granby Lakes. Six miles to Rocky Mtn. ational Park. $170,000-WOODLAND 10391 Hwy Grand Lake, Colorado 89447.

acation/Travel

RITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS Tortola. Large 6-room rnished home. Ocean view overlooking eaches. $250 per week. Brochure. Box 177, Short ills, N.J. 07078.

THE GREAT ESCAPES

ATTN: World Travelers

At last! A monthly publication for the frequent globetrotter. Latest news on customs, currency, laws, air fares, charters. Columns on cruises, sports, lodging, tours, shopping, health, solo travel, dining, wines, art, photography and much more. Observations by our readers exchanging the good and the bad. We "tell it like it is." One-year subscription only $5.95. Your satisfaction is guaranteed. **International Travel News**, 2120 28th St., #283, Sacramento, CA 95818.

PUERTO RICO: Luquillo Beach House 3 bedrooms, for rent weekly. Edward Pinney. Box 460. Gracie Station, New York, New York 10028.

CASA ANDORRA, CULEBRA ISLAND, P.R. Waterfront houses, sleep six. Unspoiled, casual. Weekly. Box 526, Bronxville, NY 10708. (914) 961-6591

BERKSHIRE FORUM VACATION WORKSHOPS. Expertly led discussions on controversial issues. Memorable scenery, meals, swimming, tennis, hikes. Berkshire Forum, Stephentown, N.Y. 12168. (518) 733-5497.

Communicate

SINGING TELEGRAMS (312) 761-5991

Music

CHAMBER MUSIC FURNITURE

Hardwood stands, benches, and accessories. Traditional Elegant Designs.

Early Music Stands

Free Catalog

Drawer 2400, Box 277, Palo Alto, CA 94302

BURTON HARPSICHORDS, SPINETS, AND CLAVICHORDS - *Professional Instruments in kit* form, from $195. For brochure write Burton Harpsichords, 727 "R" Street, P.O. Box 80222N, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.

Arts/Crafts

JAPANESE WOODBLOCK PRINT REPRODUCTIONS Masterpieces by Utamaro, Hokusai, Hiroshige, etc. New catalogue illustrated 600 subjects, $10.00 (seamail). No wholesale available. Adachi Institute of Woodcut Prints, CPO Box 362, Tokyo, Japan.

Wallcoverings

DISCOUNT WALLCOVERINGS—LIBERAL SAVINGS. Strahan, Schumacher, Greef, VenLuit, K&W, Walltex. Any brand. Paper, vinyl, designer handprints, fabrics. Call with pattern number. Toll free: 1-800-245-1768. American Discount Wallcoverings.

INTRODUCE YOUR AD TO A QUARTER MILLION READERS FOR JUST $1 A WORD!

Vacation/Travel

PUERTO RICO. Luquillo Beach House. 3 bedrooms, for rent weekly. Edward Pinney. Box 460, Gracie Station, New York, New York 10028.

*SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER. Pay for 2 ads—get # 3 FREE!.

Telephone numbers count as 2 words. P.O. numbers and abbreviations count as one word. Zone numbers and zip codes are not counted. Additional $4.50 for TNR Box #'s. (complete rate info on preceding pg.)

Send your check/money order with your copy, or gives us your Visa/MasterCharge # and we'll charge it to your account. Copy must be received 19 days prior to the Saturday issue date. Phone orders accepted with Visa/MasterCharge only. Send Copy or *call collect:* Carol Weinman, The New Republic Magazine, 1220 19th St., N.W., Washington, DC. 20036. (202) 331-7494.

My ad reads:

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

THE NEW REPUBLIC MAGAZINE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

C. P. Snow wrote of two cultures. He meant humanistic and scientific, regretting the reciprocal ignorance one of the other. Just because it's a cliché doesn't mean it's not true. I am full of good intentions about remedying my scientific illiteracy. I've read the first chapters of any number of science books. There's not a Noam Chomsky volume on linguistics, however technical, for example, that I don't try. Every time I pick one up, I feel it is a triumph of my liberal tolerance over his radical dogmatism. But my sense of victory is short lived; my patience soon dissolves, my incompetence overwhelms me; soon I'm glancing at the *New York Times*.

Once in Israel, when I was visiting a distinguished Zionist founder, another visitor had brought, as a small homage, a transistor radio. This is now an ordinary item, but in my memory it was thought wondrous, like instant movies today. Switched on, it played. After a few moments, the founder's wife observed "This, a radio without wires, this I don't understand." To which the founder replied "Yes, Esther, and a radio with wires, that you do understand?"

The scientists generally do a better job of bridging the cultural gap than those of us on the other side. Some of the best physicists I know play chamber music. I don't really know that they're the best physicists. How could I know? I've been told and also they have tenure at great universities.

Of course I don't have a clue how computers work. They tell me I can't change our schedule of skipped summer issues for the next five years, and I'm forced to believe it. They project with reasonable accuracy how much money *TNR* is going to lose, but they don't tell me what to do about it. But computers can bridge the two-cultures gap (and I'm not referring to that awful computer-composed music). The heart of a computer is its integrated circuit. Capable of vastly complex analytical operation beyond the prosaic limits of a weekly magazine, each circuit can be contained on a single silicone chip, one-quarter inch square and razor thin. These chips turn out to be objects of remarkable physical beauty once they are magnified so that the circuit design can be seen. My inventive friend Max Palevsky, who has pioneered in the computer field—and is not two-cultures ignorant—has often been able to communicate to others his sense of the aesthetic of science. Now he's conceived an exhibit of photographs of these magnified circuits for the Museum of Modern Art in New York and the Israel Museum in Jerusalem. Its purpose, I suppose, is to demonstrate, and aptly in cities of intelligence and beauty, that the harnessed intelligence of mankind may be beautiful indeed. And why shouldn't it be?

Ever since Dick Gregory went on his umpteenth fast to protest this or that or whatnot, the bite has gone out of fasting. And the threat also. During the Vietnam war, whichever one of the Berrigans was doing time in the Danbury penitentiary threatened a fast to the death. No one believed him. Like Gregory, he's still alive to fast again. The gesture is not serious. Casually made, it can be casually stopped. It's like what's become of civil disobedience. In a democratic society, a decision to break the law, even on behalf of some high good and against some great evil, is not something that conscience should easily allow. Martin Luther King Jr. viewed every civilly disobedient act as a personal crisis. Not so the folks who've been protesting the nuclear power stations, and not so the government. In New Hampshire recently hundreds deliberately and provocatively trespassed, knowing that they'd be arrested, and knowing also that they would not go to jail. One nun did go to jail. She was released last week all smiles, not so much for having been freed, but because she had a wonderful time. Civil disobedience these days doesn't require thought. It doesn't even require courage.

My esteemed friend William Winpisinger and other folks I know in the labor movement are raising money to draft Senator Kennedy. One rich and otherwise sage friend in New York wants to spend a lot of his own to help do the same. Then there's that ADA business of "creating an irresistible national mandate" for Teddy. They should save their money. First of all, their maneuvering and expenditures aren't likely to affect what he'll do. Now that he's running far ahead of Carter in the polls in the South (in Georgia even), he's got enough of a mandate to know that he's wanted. Money, needless to say, is not what's holding him back. Anyway, there's something disgusting about a free people having to beg an ambitious pol to run, and that's what these folks with cash burning holes in their pockets seem to be doing. Ca didates should fight for the nominati and not, like the saints of old, be elect by acclamation. You can't really blame on Kennedy. But he can end this se inflicted humiliation of his ardent a mirers by telling them yes or no—a soon.

I notice that Reverend Jesse Jacks buoyed by his inclusion among t summoned at Jimmy Carter's Ca David crisis center, has called for t renewal of protest marches and boyco by American blacks. I understand nostalgia: those were the days. Long h summers, the fire next time, and all th It was much more exciting and rewar ing for blacks than getting Cart elected and having their sole reward the posting of Andrew Young to t United Nations. The history of the bla movement during the last 10 or 12 yea is a national tragedy. SNCC collapsed the wake of its arrogant rejection of t salt and pepper strategy for civil righ CORE is in receivership by the attorn general of New York, a shambles fraud and deceit. SCLC hardly exis except as the arena in which vario lesser reverends carry on their squa struggle for the succession to Mart Luther King. The widow King and t patriarch King no longer inspire, b trot themselves out for official occasio like the laying on of hands for preach Carter. Floyd McKissick's Soul City, o of those black enterprises that engag Richard Nixon (suspect enough, no is empty and bankrupt after God or knows how many millions of dolla The NAACP, barely recovered from struggle about whether there should any succession to Roy Wilkins at all, also just about broke after having liv out the last decade on the bounty George Meany. The one national o ganization to survive in strength is t Urban League—yes, the one we mi tants thought was made up of Toms and it is as vibrant as it is largely b cause of the intellectual capital of Ve non Jordan. Jesse Jackson is superb unrolling the cadences, so it's no wond he wants the kind of politics that mak and depends on big audiences. My gue is that black protest politics will only successful if it is linked to the prote politics, which is to say the needs a aspirations, of all of America's poo Who, white or black, will try to for that alliance?

M.P.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Atomic Bond.

Using tiny explosive charges, Western Electric engineers are bonding metals with the elemental "glue" of the Universe.

Here's how it works. The atoms of all metals have a natural attraction for one another. If it weren't for the ever-present film of impurities coating the surface—the oxides, nitrides, and absorbed gasses—all metal atoms would bond to each other when brought together.

Exploding Things Together.

But the force of a high-intensity explosion on two adjacent metals will clean away the film of impurities. The explosion literally "blows" the impurities off the surfaces. So the atoms of the different metals can bond together.

The bond that results is stronger than both of the metals themselves.

As an industrial technique, explosive bonding has proved valuable in the manufacture of such heavyweight products as bi-metallic gun barrels.

Pinpoint Explosions.

But how would explosives work in the delicate, intricate world of telephone circuitry?

Scientists at Western Electric's Engineering Research Center solved the problem by developing ways to miniaturize and control explosive bonding. Soon, they could splice the ends of two thin communications wires inside a miniature explosive-coated sleeve.

And they could repair tiny defective contacts on delicate circuit boards. These gold contacts (membrane-thin "fingers" 1/10 by 3/4 of an inch) are reclad by thin sheets of gold foil (.0005 inches thick), coated with explosives. The repairs are literally "blown" onto the contacts, without disturbing the delicate circuitry less than 1/10 of an inch away.

Miniaturized explosive bonding is only one way we're helping your Bell Telephone Company hold down the cost of your telephone service today. For the future, it promises the benefits of bonding widely disparate metals and all sorts of other materials.

You Can Take It For Granted.

Most important, explosive bonds are contributing to the clarity of communications, the reliability of switching, the taken-for-granted assurance you have when you reach for your telephone.

The atomic bond—it's another innovation from Western Electric.

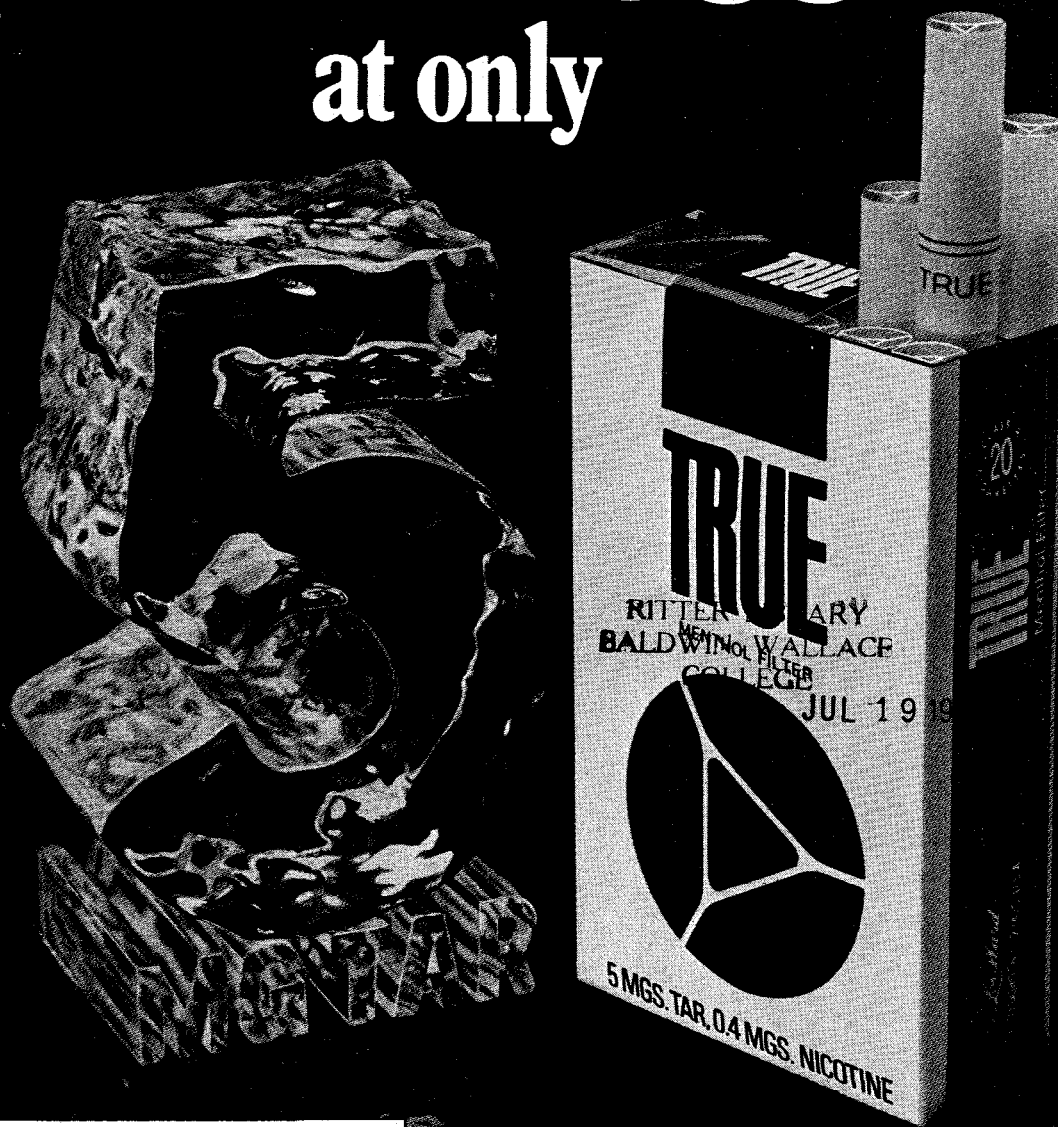
Keeping your communications system the best in the world.

Western Electric

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© Lorillard, U.S.A.—1978

True. Unexpected coolness at only



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Menthol: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report May 1978.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED